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WOOD NOTES WILD.

BY

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OF

TENNESSEE.

"The accomplished writer, may express with great power and beauty, sentiments very foreign from his or her heart; but when the untaught strike the lyre, the songs are always true to the feelings of the soul. Hence the character and history even of these last may be as certainly deduced from their poems, as the order and genus of a wild plant may be traced by its flowers."

NASHVILLE.

CAMERON AND FALL, DEADERICK STREET.

1843.

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1843,
BY MRS. R. J. AVERY,
In the Clerk's office of the Middle District of Tennessee.

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PREFACE.

Mr. Addison had an aversion to those egotists who figure largely in a preface, and advises a writer never to speak of himself, unless there be something very considerable in his character, and then adds "because there is no man who fancies his thoughts worth publishing, that does not look upon himself as a considerable person."

If this be the case with men, what may not be presumed of our sex, who, it is supposed, feed on vanity?

Cowley remarks, "It is a hard and nice subject, to write of one's self. It grates our heart, to say any thing of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear any thing of praise from us."

Again, some modern writer has observed "a middling poet is laughed at by the foolish, pitied by the wise, and slighted by all;" and an ancient one is still more severe when he says, "Neither Gods nor men, nor book-shops tolerate mediocre poets."

In fine, there are so many beautiful and truthful sayings from the wise, that a genius of a mediocre stamp feels a considerable embarrassment on the subject of authorship.

With so much to discourage, will this insufferable *vanity* predominate? And what reasons have you to offer (will the wise ones say) for so unpardonable a temerity? I don't know that I am disposed to give the true reason. I cannot say I have

been importuned by my friends, that is an apology Addison hates, and besides it would not be true.

If I have to bear the opprobrium of being vain, I know of no better way than to write as I have been wont, and brave the consequences.

I have thought I was not actuated by vanity—but to put my opinion in competition with men who wrote the Spectator would be the most intolerable vanity.

How happy it is for us, Ladies, that nature has given so much elasticity to our tempers and dispositions—and I think it very well too, that we have so goodly a portion of versatility and credulity, that we can be made to believe almost any thing.

Perhaps it may be asked, "why were you not made to believe it would be wiser to burn your scraps than to publish them?" On the other hand, some have said "one's Book is the bantling of the brain, and to say the least, it would be a literary infanticide.

Now I think that I am one of those compound mixtures, a heterogeneous mass that nature in her freaks sometimes makes experiments of,—and, contrary to her general laws, the longer I live, the more imperfectly I understand her manœuvres, and consequently contest no point. Therefore, if I am thought to be visionary and enthusiastic by the wise folks—it may be so. And if my scribbling prove valueless—such is, (as I have said) the nature of woman, that she will wring out, as it were, a consolation from some source—and mine will be that I can retire from the big world, and like the butter-fly extract sweets from wild flowers.

WOOD NOTES WILD.

MY BOOK.

Go little Book! but shun the critic's eye!
It will thy various foibles spy;
Go little Book! borne upon a sigh,
To the meek—the poor:
To them, I will bequeath thee, when I die,
To grace their store.

Go little Book! imperfect as thou art,
Thou may'st to some, a soothing word impart;
Seek thou, to find, a kind and feeling heart
Of sympathy and love;
Yet I am loth, to see my volume start,
The world to prove.

Shun thou! my Book, the cruel satyrist!
A critic's pen, is their sweetest bliss;
And fly the traitor's treacherous kiss!
As from death;
O! find where thou mayest rest in peace,
With modest worth.

I own thy imperfections may be seen,
I know thou hast on charity to lean,
But O! the bitter sarcasm, sharp and keen,
Keep from its sting;
And now, my litle Book, tho' simply plain
To virture cling.

There thou'lt meet with what is thy just due,
(If worth be thine;) 'Twill deal both fair and true;
I'll lay thee open to its honest view,
And fear it not;
Go little Book! thy devious way pursue,
From my lone Cot.

Tho' as my first, my heart still yearns to thee,
With all a mother's tender sympathy,
And should I witness thy prosperity,
Would I be vain?
Truly! methinks, no human vanity,
Would seize my brain.

For what is vanity? Go ask stern death!
He'd answer thee, by stifling thy breath,
Ah! now methinks the helpless child of earth,
Should spurn the thing;
Methinks that I would know its paltry worth,
Were I a King.

MY LYRE.

My Lyre, no artizan could make,
'Twas strung by nature;—she alone
Can its deep lethargy awake,
To strike a tone.

Its notes are from the shady groves,
The murm'ring rills and summer bowers;
All nature's gems the Poet loves,
But most her flowers.

And those wild ones, in some lone vale,
Ne'er gazed upon by any eye;
I prize them most, though dim and pale,
Yet can't tell why.

And birds, that in a covert rest,
That sing when day's dull cares are o'er;
The Whip-poor-will, I like him best,
For will—is poor.

And then:—ah me!—why should I say,
What more I love? or, what I hate?
If this be egotism,—pray
Me—Cease to prate!

But I have said, "go little book"
And though a Tyro, quaint and trite;
O! do not at my foibles look!
But let me write.

Simple and wild,—to many strange,
A creature full of hopes and fears;
The "little poems" I arrange,
Then blot with tears.

Fearing the critic's cruel ire:
Hoping,—(though with a trembling sigh
Some hand will fan the Poet's fire,
Or it must die.

Though the French tourist,—Tocqueville
Asserts in his "Democracy"
"We have no pure Castalian rill"
"No melody."

Uncouth, perchance, and even rude
We seem'd,—to Monsieur's polished eye.
In a lone wild,—in solitude,
He passed us by.

From France we ne'er can copy airs,
Nor ape her courtly etiquette:
Our sons,—like bold and hardy Tars,—
Our Daughters,—*Violets*.

Nor yet from Italy's soft sky,
From citron groves, or spicy bowers,
Do we twine wreaths of roseate die,
Or cull sweet flowers.

Our Bouquets simple tho' they be.
In our own native woods they bloom,

Uncultured,—in our Tennessee,
They yield perfume.

Take them!—nor crush them in their bud!
Rural wreaths of natural growth,—
No foreign charms were ever wooed,
To give them worth.

And this,—ah! call it what you please!
A Bouquet,—or the "wood notes wild"
'Twas gathered 'neath our forest trees,
By nature's child.

MY MUSE.

My Muse! thou art a solace unto me;
And when thou art afar,
In nature there is no soft melody,
No sweetness, in the air.

Thou art a sun-beam—yea a glorious light;
On my benighted way;
When thou departest far, with me 'tis night;
When thou art here, 'tis day.

Absent,—the past is but an idle dream,
The present,—ennui;
Futurity,—a dark and mystic theme,
That deepens ev'ry sigh.

Sweet Poetry, I'll claim thee for my own,
Though all the world deride;
I'll gird thee to my heart,—precious zone,
If good, or ill, betide.

THE WOOD NOTES WILD.

O! The wood-notes wild! the wood-notes clear
That come to the ear like a charm;
The echo—the echo sounds afar
And we feel an enthusiasm warm;
The wood-notes are ringing,
The gay birds are singing,
The daisies are blooming,
The violets perfuming,
The sweet vernal air.

O! The wood-notes wild! the hours beguile;
They breathe new life through the air;
Let me enjoy this pleasure awhile,
And forget that I ever knew care;
See! the light humming bird!
As its flutter is heard,
Now it glitters like gold,
In the tulip's rich fold,
And then flies afar.

The mock-bird and robin, cuckoo and thrush,
Are tuning their notes for a song:

Proudly they sit, in the brown hazle bush,
While the echo of notes floats along;
And the Wood-Pecker's tap,
As he draws the rich sap,
From the sweet maple trees,
Where the wild honey bees
Buzz 'round all the while.

The wood-notes wild delight the young ear,
The heart bounds with ecstacies new;
And the eye forgets the sorrowing tear
As our sports o'er the plains we pursue;
Hark! the partridge whistles
In the row of thistles,
The doves are now cooing,
The linnets are wooing,
All nature doth smile.

The wood-notes wild, still ring in my ear,
The tinkling of bells in the grove;
The ewes and the lambs and the wild spotted deer,
Are objects that still I must love;
And the cattle's deep low
And the tame milk cow,
Or the young lambs at play,
On a bright sunny day,
Pleases one like me.

Now day is o'er, and the birds are at rest,
To my cot I'll hie me along

The birds on the spray and those on their nest
Have ceased to warble the song.
All nature reposes
As the summer day closes,
And a stillness like death
Reigns over the earth
Till the dark shadows flee.

SPRING.

Thou art the poetry of life, O Nature!
With smiles we greet each infant feature,
We talk of spring, of flowers and trees,
And all thy beauty, the Poet sees.
Yes! Nature laughs to see thee come
And drive off winter's surly gloom;
The forest wears a greener coat,
The partridge whistles a shriller note;
As the season comes for making nests,
A general bustling restlessness
Is seen, throughout the feathery world,
Each to his mate has loudly called
For industry, like the busy bee,
To gather moss from tree to tree,
And all along the grassy way,
The little flowers are opening gay.

Spring! tell us how thy gentle breezes,
With influence seemingly so mild,

Can wake from lethargy and death,
What winter with his icy breath,
So cruelly locks up and freezes?
Cold winter's gone, nor heeds thy smile.

The poor, who shivered cold and wan,
While icicles around them hung;
Who scarce enough of covering found,
To close the eyes in slumber sound;
Whose rough cold hut was never dry
While winter's clouds o'erhung the sky,
Who found no time or means to toil,
Save that of mending up the fire
To win the freezing urchin's smile
Before the embers would expire;
Such poor, hail thy mild cheering sun,
As joy and happiness begun.

THE POET AND WOOD PECKER.

"For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;"
"And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,"
"So honor peereth* in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark?"

Poet. Why, Wood-Pecker, why so industriously work?
And pull off the bark with so sudden a jerk?
Thou'st hammer'd so long at that old elm tree,
And the rude hollow sound gives no harmony.

*Appeareth.

W. P. "Thou know'st ev'ry creature on earth must be fed,
And like you, I must toil for my own daily bread."

Poet. Why wast thou not like the mocking-bird made
With a musical throat, to sit in the shade?
Thou'dst cherup and carrol from morn till night
And each varying note would give us delight.

W. P. "Why wast thou not made like Byron or Dickens?
Like me thou wouldst not have gleanings and pickings."

Poet. Thou art tart, poor bird, what makes thee so gruff?
Has partial old nature not given enough
To thy plebeian race, whom none can admire?
A very small pittance should fill thy desire.

W. P. "A very small pittance! my soul is as large
As those who can win a brilliant reward."

Poet. Po! po! silly bird, talk not of the soul
Thy feathers are dull, nor gilded with gold
And every one knows wood-pecker's thy name
Even if thou couldst sing they'd give thee no fame.

W. P. "I know the world to be selfish and cold
And I hate all its smiles that are purchasd with gold."

Poet. Ah! the world looks at the exterior garb,
And the feeling heart gets many a barb;
Kind fortune bestows, her gifts on the great,
And leaves the *poor* to chance and blind fate.

W. P. "I have learned the philosopher's art by my bill,
To thump my own tree, and my own craw fill.
The mock-bird and parrot, may chatter for fame,
I'll mark every tree, with the wood-pecker's name."

MY OLD QUILL.

We pluck thee, from thy mother's side
Tho' so snugly, thou didst hide
In her soft plumage, fringed and wide;
O strange abuse!
We'll gloss thy side, to make thee sleek
And split thy tongue, that thou may'st speak,
Then shave thee downward to a peak,
For our own use.

Then, thou dost solace us old quill,
Though no bright pages thou canst fill,
Thou canst tumultuous feelings still
And calm our sighs:
If thy old tongue, be black and furr'd,
Nor thou canst utter one fine word,
So thy old screaking sound is heard,
O! 'twill suffice.

If the troubl'd heart be full of wo,
And none the wounded feelings know,
And tears, as wont, refuse to flow
Then thou art here:

Our trembling fingers snatch thee up,
And as we drink life's bitter cup,
Thy old gray plumage bids us hope,
And spurn all fear.

Come! my old quill; I love thee well,
Thou canst, the burning feelings tell,
Thou too, canst wear the wizard spell,
To charm the soul;
Thy origin, no difference what,
If from the swan, or bird of jet,
So thou but write, it matters not,
Thy worth is gold.

Ah! come, thou rusty lame old thing,
Come! now and all thy powers bring,
Some spell around my bosom fling,
Despite of care;
O! help me through this opaque scene
Throw o'er my path one silv'ry sheen
Or point, old quill! where I may lean,
And hide the tear.

THY ORIGIN?

Thy origin? sweet Poetry!—whence didst thou come?
Wast thou sent, to smooth the rough way?
From whom wast thou sent? and where is thy home?
Light the path with thine own soft ray.

Thou hast breathed! My spirit is full of thee now,
The dark world is hid for a while;
Thou hast breathed!—I feel immortality's glow,
Light on my wan cheek, with a smile.

Thou art kinder than man,—thy spirit is soft,
And thy mission below is to please,
When the world by its sternness has wounded us oft,
Thou wilt soothe and give the heart ease.

THE WILD POET.

"And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name'."

Ah! who would wish the Poet's crazy brain?
Though it expands with purest bliss,
It then contracts with agonizing pain.—
Ah! who would wish the Poet's crazy flight?
That steps from cloud to cloud,
And mocks the sun-beam's height.

Who would not feel the Poet's ardent *love?*
A passion, burning 'round the heart,
Fanned by the wings of some celestial dove:—
But who could bear his bitter, burning *hate?*
When a deep wound is made
By the little, low ingrate?

The *morbid one*,—whose quiet rest is sweet;
Whose soul loves not the scenes, where clouds,
And storms, hail, rain and sun-shine meet:—
Give me that rest?! No!--It suits not the soul,
Whose thoughts pierce Eternity
Some mist'ry to unfold.

But the Wild Poet, from his gilded car
Is tumbled down, with haggard face,
And finds his flowery castles air
Then who would wish a Poet's wayward fate?
Whose brain finds images,
Gods,—or Demons to create?

O! the inglor'ous apathy of soul!
A stranger to all rapt'rous joy,
Inflexible, and stern, and deathly cold:—
Let me feel!—tho' agoniz'd with throes that burn!—
And from my very soul,
The grov'ling miscr'ant spurn.

APATHY.

I'm told, O! sullen apathy!
Thou art a sweet security,
From this horrid misery
That wrings all hearts:
That thou canst stay the memory,
And blunt keen darts

O apathy! this bounding thrill!
This restless spirit, never still!
This dark presentiment of ill!
Or rapture caught.
Tell me! O tell me! canst thou quell
The burning thought?

If so, then haste! quick! haste to me!
With thy bronz'd face of *apathy*
Bear this deep love;—this sympathy
Away,—away!
Bid joy, and grief, this moment flee!
Nor sad, nor gay—

—E'er be my ardent spirit, more.
This intense passion, to adore;
Those burning throes, that on me pour,
O! bid them flee;
And now thy cold dews quickly shower,
Stern apathy!

I'm ready to be petrified,
In dull monotony I'd glide
O! turn me o'er on either side
And freeze me up!
Stop this tumultuous burning tide,
Of fear and hope!

GO! WINTER, GO!

Go! winter, go! with all thy chilling snows,
A gentler monarch, now must reign awhile,
'Neath every step, she treads, a blossom blows,
And all her subjects, meet her with a smile.

She sits upon her throne, arrayed in flowers,
No costly gem, adorns her lovely crown,
Yet o'er all queens, her matchless beauty towers,
Her sceptre, throws a halo, all around.

Ay every spear of grass, or little bud,
Or bird, or insect, whether great or small,
Feels that her reign, is governed by a God,
That life and love, are measured out to all.

The rose and myrtle, twine her wavy hair,
Snow drops, and dahlias, bow beneath her feet,
The sweetest incense, floats upon the air,
And vines, are clust'ring, round her mossy seat.

Her band of music, nature's own sweet choir
Of birds and bees, and every vocal sound,
While all the dells, and nooks, have strung a lyre,
And harmony, reverberates around.

And hast thou come to show benighted man
The power of God, the opening of the grave;
Go—read the evidence—the beauteous plan—
The resurrection—and the proofs ye have.

APRIL.

And hast thou come at last sweet spring,
  And art thou here once more?
Ay! hear the merry wild birds sing
  Around the cottage door!

And see the early swallows too!
  Chirping beneath the eaves;
Soon, soon the little violets blue
  Will ope their budding leaves.

Nature awakes from winter's sleep
  To do thy bidding—spring
Look! now! I see one violet peep
  'Neath frozen turfs that cling

Loth to unloose their frigid grasp
  So cruel e'en like death,
Sustain it! by thy gentle clasp
  And warm it by thy breath—

—Young spring! and bid each tint revive!
  To charm the Poet's eye,
The Poet that would ever live
  Beneath an April sky—

A sky that looks serene and mild
  On all the fragrant bowers,
O! how I wish, I was a child,
  To wade through April showers,

To chase the spotted butterfly
To swing 'neath shady trees
To know no other kind of sigh
Save the low murmuring breeze.

I'd be again that merry thing
Just like a summer bird
When echo from my song would ring
And bring back word for word.

Each day was then an April one
Bright smiles succeeded tears,
But ah! those sunny days are gone
And left a woman's cares.

April 1st, 1843.

IDUMIA.

Idumia! Idumia! thy glory is gone,
Thy grandeur hath faded away,
Where temples were reared rude brambles have grown
And a blighting sirocco hath o'er thee blown,
While winds of the desert in a dirge-like moan
Sighs—all have gone to decay.

O! fallen Idumia! thou desolate wild!
Where savage and wild beasts are seen,
O'er thee a most beautiful landscape once smiled,
And there,—where the curious artizan toiled,
See the toad and lizard and green serpent coiled,
And hear the loan owl's wild pæan.

And Asia! Thy temples—where are their pride?
Thy gods and their godesses—where?
Are they gleaming with gold? like a fair eastern bride
Do they swim in the Nile? are they laved by her tide?
No! their fragments are seen for the world to deride
Or borne by the bleak winds afar.

Oh! when will the night, the dark shadows of night
Which begirt thee so closely around
Have passed, and the glorious day-star of light,
With a radiance unseen, transcendantly bright
Again deck thy borders, again glad the sight
When Judah's sweet harp shall resound.

Then haste! sluggish time, when Sharon's sweet rose
Shall blossom again to the breeze,
When the lion and lamb shall calmly repose
In one lair where the beautiful orange tree grows,
Where the air with pure incense so sweetly blows
And mellow fruit falls from the trees.

THE CLOUDS.

Clouds! beautiful are ye!
We love your various forms to see;
Now ye seem to touch the tree
With crimson glow:
Ah! see the gold and purple flee
Either fast or slow.

There a pyramid of white,—
Then a soft and silvery light,—
Now ye're gone out of sight;
So beauty flies:
Yet its transient charms delight
The gazer's eyes.

Again you come,—another form,
The scarlet tint;—bright and warm,—
Ah! I gaze on thee, and dream
Of a bright world.
I turn to earth, and then I seem
From grandeur hurl'd.

I look again, and there ye are,
Another shape, tho' bright and fair;
Ah! now a lovely dress ye wear,
Like the damask rose;
And then I see the evening star
Its light disclose.

So flies our life's short dreamy day,
Like a passing cloud, it fades away,
But hope points to a brighter ray,
A world of rest;
Where joys will last, and ne'er decay,
And we'll be blest.

IMAGINATION.

The Lunatic, the Lover, and the Poet,
Are of imagination all compact:—SHAKSPEARE.

O! This strange imagination!
Can nothing stay its rapid flight?
Thought, after thought, in wild rotation,
Darting like a stream of light.

Say! cannot reason stop its soarings?
And bind it with her strongest chain?
Now—now—a thousand thoughts are pouring
From the poet's curious brain.

One moment,—down to Hades' regions—
The next, it roams Elysium o'er
It musters then a thousand legions,
The broad creation to explore.

It scales the eagle's topmost eyry,
Then plunges through unfathom'd deeps;
It flies o'er deserts wild and dreary
Or through the narrow cavern creeps.

What place is barr'd from its intrusion
Unlimited;—without an end!
It brings us wealth in great profusion
Then leaves us poor without a friend.

O imagination! imagination!
Strange feature of our restless brain,
Thou fill'st the heart with sweet sensation
Then wound'st it with the keenest pain.

MEMORY.

And what art thou? O! Memory!
That whirls over time's musty page
To retrace one's own strange history,
E'en from our very earl'est age.

Thou throw'st th'layers of time aside
To tread the paths of youth again,
Our childish sports o'er forests wide
Comes to our vision fresh and plain.

E'en if time has round our temples
Scatter'd, thin and silvery hair;
Mem'ry brings the rose and dimples
That once smil'd on features fair.

Or if death's cold hand hath taken
Dear ones from our fostering arms,
Mem'ry—Mem'ry—will awaken
Their sweetest look,—their brightest charms.

THE HUMAN HEART.

Strange creature,—canst thou tell us why
From thee ascends the deepest sigh?
And how it is, that love's soft thrill
Does all thy veins and tendrils fill?
When friends, long gone, to us return
Such offerings at thine altar burn?
And when their voice in echoes sound,
Why thy tumult'ous thrilling bound?
How jealousy, with argus eye,
From thee, sends out her keenest spy?
And envy,—with malicious dart,
Is said to come strait from thee, *Heart!*
And scorn,—does it from thee proceed?
An enigma—aye thou art indeed.
Strange creature! Thou didst never tell,
Why hatred, oft in thee doth dwell;
And if the world its thorns impart,
Why swells thee, with its fest'ring smart?
When gratitude has nought but tears,
Why art thou sick and faint with fears?
And why, if e'er the scene's revers'd
A fullness makes thee almost burst?
And why—when death's relentless hand,
Has touch'd thee with its icy wand,
Why canst thou cease to feel, or cease to live?
So complicated! so strangely sensitive!—

Yes! cold as marble, and senseless as a stone,
Where now the purest, noblest passions burn,
Deserted then, the passions flee away,
Leaving thee a lump of isolated clay;
All, all thy busy thoughts and anxious cares,
And projects wild for many painful years,
Are now forgot;—and scarce the spot is known,
Where was consigned this flutt'ring feeling one.

DAY BREAK.

"The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east."—SHAKSPEARE.

Turn to the east! ah see that streak of light!
Bursting on the eye with grand sublimity:
What mighty hand loops back the vail of night,
And speaks to earth its pure divinity?

Look westward on that mute and calm repose,
As yet unconcious of the dawning light;
Wait till day breaks, and all its charm disclose,
Ah! then thou'lt see a thrilling, touching sight.

A light pours all around and charms the eye,
As tho' it had, just bursted from the tomb;
Presently thou'lt an orb of fire descry,
Whose radiant track disperses every gloom.

See! now it mounts its golden way sublime,
The road it has pursued for many centuries;
And will pursue until the wheels of time,
Shall stop its course to solve such mysteries.

O Nature! What art thou? in visions dark,
Howe'er so elevated be our themes;
The light we borrow, 'tis a glimmering spark,
Disturbed and weakened by our earthly dreams.

Will Eternity be day-break to the soul?
And free the struggling mind from doubts and gloom?
Grateful indeed will be that heavenly goal,
While the weary dust lies quiet in the tomb.

A day break to the soul! O glorious thought!
O rapturous joy! to anticipate the day,
When light, pure light from Deity is caught
When knowledge comes with every darting ray.

FLORA'S CHILDREN.

"How much of the poetry of life springs from flowers. How delicate a pleasure is it to twine the orange blossom or japonica for the bride—to arrange a bouquet for the invalid—to throw simple flowers into the lap of childhood—and to pull rose-buds for the girl of whom they are the emblem."—LADY'S WORLD OF FASHION.

Bright Flora's children glittering with dew,
Make every Poet's heart bound with delight;
Ah! who could all her lovely foilage view?
And feel no rapture at the glowing sight?

Nature! thy hand presents us beauties rare,
See the rich blossoms, waving with their sweets,
Oh! what can with the pure white rose compare,
Whose od'rous perfume every object greets.

Such beauties mock the coarser scenes of earth,
And bid the eye look upward for its joys;
Their fragrance tell from Heaven they had their birth,
And points where pleasure never, never cloys.

See too the crimson bud! how bright it glows!
A lively contrast, to the virgin white;
Then the tints of vari'gated hues
That burst with splendor on the gazer's sight.

O Nature! thou art poetry itself!
And should a Fairy muse from ev'ry flow'r
Spring up:—We'd greet each little mystic elf,
And own the influence of thy magic power.

BUTTERFLY.

Thou darting little brilliant creature!
Hast thou the faculty of thought?
Who points thee to the rose's feature?
And tells thee 'tis with sweetness fraught?

We've seen thee fly from flower to flower,
With pleasure glist'ning in thine eye,

To sip the sweet, the dewy shower,
That drops in spangles from the sky.

Now sparkling, as a showry gem,
When thy wings are poized in air;
Then darting like a sunny beam,
To drink the lily's nectar'an tear.

Wouldst thou, our little beauteous guest,
Exchange thy fate with such as we?
O no! thou canst midst odours rest,
Ever joyous, blithe and free.

Ah! sad would be the change for thee,
Bright creature of the sunny sky!
Thou knowest not, what is misery,
Nor the deep meaning of a sigh.

SUN RISE.

"But, look the morn, in russet mantle clad."

Glorious sight!—see the bright sun arise!
With spangled rays lighting up the misty skies.
Ah! see it draw night's sable curtain back,
With grace pursuing its own even track;
All nature now, awakes from dormant sleep,
The little birds from clust'ring bushes peep;
And, starting, see that lovely day has dawn'd,
They pour forth songs, to hail the vernal morn,

The lowing herd, each from their grassy beds,
Stray lazily along the dewy meads,
All much delighted with nature's noble plan,
But inconsistent, strange, and wayward man.
He sees, what the Great Architect has made,
From the loftiest thing, down to the grassy blade,
And does he feel entirely acquiescent?
To Him, who is forever omnipresent?
Does he, with a subdued and humble will
His great Creator's glorious laws fulfill?
And, like the other class of His creation,
Each one pursue his own assign'd vocation?
Whether in a lowly, rustic, humble sphere,
Or one, which, to him, many honors bear?
And, as the brilliant orb of radiant light,
Is duty one sweet task of pure delight?
Man seems to stand 'midst all other creatures,
Alone,—impress'd with noble godlike features.
Why then, should he descend to sordid earth?
For pleasures, which could never there have birth?
Where sin and mis'ry, death, and keen despair,
Has waged with hapless man, a fearful war:
Yet there is something in the heart of man,
That plainly tells of a proud origin,
A little whispering voice, low and soft,
That raises man's ingenious soul aloft;
Tells him that spark can never, never die,
Breath'd from the fount of *Immortality*.

THE WORLD AND PILGRIM.

WORLD.

Strange Pilgrim! tell us whither goest thou?
With thoughtful step and care worn brow?
Stay Pilgrim! stay and rest with me awhile!
My brooks are clear, and my blossoms smile:
Here grow the rose, the lily and the vine,
Which yields the rich, the cheering gen'rous wine;
Various pleasures will await thee here,
Taste! trav'ler, taste! and give thy heart good cheer.
Thou'rt weary, Pilgrim! lay thy load aside!
I will a banquet for thee, quick provide:
Oh! pluck my fruits, and flow'rs! drink thou my wine!
Regale thyself! all that thou seest is thine.

PILGRIM.

Thy rosy chaplets in my youth were worn,
They died away, and left behind a thorn;
Thy snow-drop and lily, in my garden grew,
They sank before me like the early dew;
Thy grape's rich clusters in my youth I press'd,
Its bev'rage gave no joy, or tranquil rest;
Allure me not! by thy false shew of bliss,
I seek for wealth—for *real* happiness.

WORLD.

For wealth! O Pilgrim! then thou'lt stay with me,
Look o'er my kingdom far as the eye can see

Wealth pours its treasures, from river, lake and pool,
In diamonds, sapphires, gold, and pearl;
In lands, in produce, and in costly towers,
In Princely domes, and in spacious bowers:
O Pilgrim! Pilgrim! waste no longer time!
In journeying to seek a better clime.

PILGRIM.

I've worn thy pearls, thy di'monds and thy gold,
I've bought thy produce, and thy lands have sold;
Have heap'd thy treasures, and have built me domes,
I've seen them vanish where I find thy tombs.
Why those green mounds, thus scatter'd o'er the ground?
Can it be there, that gold and gems are found?
Can the bright children of the sunny sky,
Meet death? and 'midst such pleasures die.

WORLD.

Pilgrim! think not, of tombs and death!
We snatch our pleasures, with each fleeting breath;
We conquer all things, save the insatiate grave,
For death! grim monster! will his victims have.

PILGRIM.

Ah! then thou ownest, that death has power,
That he can blight, the fairest, sweetest flower;
I seek a country, where death cannot reign,
I seek for happiness, unmixed with pain.
Leave me, O world! Thy votaries emigrate,
Each one disposed, to find a large estate;

I am returning, to my Father's home,
I did, like them, to distant countries roam;
I've found, that all things flee from earth,
That thou giv'st sin, and misery, birth;
That thou too, hast a false, and fleeting show,
Where is thy power? when the last trump shall blow?
When time shall end her course, where wilt thou stand?
Canst thou save one, by lending thy broad hand?
Where then, thy boasted wealth? thy domes and towers?
All crushed, and shrivelled, like thy withered flowers.
Cease world! O cease! thou too, must flee away,
When this poor pilgrim, lives, in endless day.

DEATH.

To close the eye, on the bright blue sky,
And be laid in the cold damp earth,
To sleep profound, under the ground
Where no beautiful things have birth.

Oh! gloomy this cell, where the dark ones dwell,
No—ray to illumine the spot,
But this is our doom, and the coffin's our room
Where repose is too deep for a thought.

Ah! death tortures the heart, with his fell dart,
Nor heareth the mourner's deep sigh;
He regards not the prayer, death sees not the tear,
Nor heedeth he grief's frantic cry.

Insatiate thing! thou reignest as king,
O'er all this terrestrial globe;
The high, and the low, thy dread summons know,
Wrapt in thy snowy stiff robe.

Thine icy wand, and thy stern command,
Cuts down the sweetest flower,
The plebeian race, and the princely face,
Feel alike thy blanching power.

MANY POETS HAVE SUNG.

Many Poets have sung of the miseries of life,
The terrors of war, of man's woes and man's strife,
Some are wretched, because they have a *good wife*,
And others, because they have none.
They will sigh o'er their losses, crosses and pains,
O'er the tooth-ache—the head-ache—and sore chilblains;
O'er the keen old frost, and the cold drizzling rains,
And the scorching rays of the sun.

Let's turn the world o'er on the silvery side,
And cull from its bosom, that's far and wide,
Those sweets, which kind nature has thought to provide
For the joy and comfort of man:
We'll talk of society, friendship and love,
Of a bevy of birds, and a sweet orange grove,
We'll snatch our pleasures, in spite of old Jove,
And take all the comfort we can.

Society drives old dull sorrow away,
And shortens the hours, on a long summer's day;
The heart never aches when the feelings are gay,
And the eye forgets all its tears:
That sweet interchange of kind feelings and thought,
That intellectual feast with ecstacy fraught,
The soul's tender thrill, which gold never bought,
Oh! it dispels dull cares and fears.

Then solitude comes and it too has a charm,
To cull o'er the heart's treasures, so pure and warm,
To feed on the joys, that have outlived the storm,
That so often shatters our bark,
Pure joys ne'er disturbed by the stranger guest,
That creap o'er the soul, like the dreams of the blest,
And give to the heart a calmness and rest,
And fan up a heavenly spark.

Let the misanthrope mope o'er his musty old book,
We'll follow the windings of some rippling brook,
We sport not with gun, nor angle with hook,
For one intellectual delight.
We inhale the perfumes of the sweet orange grove,
And sip on the dew, that the wild birds love;
From flower to flower as the butterflies move,
And hope, is ever in sight.

By and by, like the birds, we will fly far away,
And seize a harp with seraph's sweet lay—
And live where there's joy from day to day,
And be so entirely blest.

O! then we will drink of the river of life,
We will hear of no wars, contentions or strife,
No man then will mourn o'er a scolding *wife*
There will be permanent rest.

Where the sweet almond tree, never will fade,
The citron and orange boughs, clustering shade,
Where each budding flower and silvery blade,
Is twined by the finger of love:
When the mind inhales, true wisdom and light,
When the joys are large, and faculties bright,
Where no shadows dwell, for there is no night;
God lives in that garden above.

THE SEASONS.

SPRING.

A glorious dress thy vernal beauty wears,
Bright balmy spring!
Thy sunny ray delights and warms and cheers,
And makes us sing.

Surly old winter has surely gone!
Spring's balmy breath plays o'er the lawn,
And a fragrance so sweet is exhal'd at morn.

See! sporting wild, the spotted herd,
And children roaving o'er the mead,
Soon thou wilt wear a deeper green,

Then here and there a violet seen
Which will each day, with brighter hue
Expand and glitter as the dew.
Young birds are fost'ring in thy boughs,
And choosing mates and whisp'ring vows
O Spring! thy breath is poetry and love
When youth and beauty wander through the grove.

SUMMER.

Thy sultry air midsummer! droops my flowers;
See! fall the petals to the parched earth,
Nor can the few and interrupted showers,
Resuscitate them with a second birth.

Thou flitting cloud! pass o'er that fiery orb!
Which sends its beams like burning lava down,
Veil its bright face, with thy shadowy robe,
Until we reach, some rural shady ground.

Where zyphyrs cool, bestir the forest tree,
And fan the fever from the burning cheek;
Where rippling rills run soft and merrily,
The weary mind would such refreshments seek.

Then let us while the burning hours away,
And dream of hope, of joy, of constant love;
Where chatters the mock-bird, the thrush and jay,
And innocently coos the plaintive dove.

AUTUMN.

For contemplation, and melancholy thought,
Thou art with images, sublimely fraught;

Thy yellow leaves, with tints of various hues,
Spreading a carpet, for the wand'ring muse.
And thy rich foliage, falling to the ground,
Leaves the reflecting mind in thought profound

Ah! fading autumn! typical of man's decay,
A gloom hangs o'er the forest once so gay;
Like with'ring time, o'er beauty's sunny brow,
Fading the cheek, and stealing the bright glow;
Dimming the eye, that shone, with brilliant light,
And changing the brown curls, to silvery white.
O autumn! thou provest that all things must decay,
That man is frail, the creature of a day.

WINTER.

The brown leaves, lie bestrew'd o'er the ground,
The winds, of bleak winter, are mutt'ring 'round,
From the forest afar:
See! he comes with a stern undaunted mien,
His storms of snow, and his freezing rain,
Little children! beware!

He comes with a gloom surrounding his head,
And his breath strikes leaves and blossoms dead,
All nature dreads his ire;
His aspect is hard, and sternly severe,
The north wind blast, extorts the warm tear,
Mercy! mend up the fire!

Now in his fury he's scatt'ring the hail,
And hoisting aloft, a north wind gale;

O! bar up the cottage door.
Hark! that thund'ring crash, will tear it apart,
I'm almost freezing, I'm cold at the heart,
Pity! pity the poor!

The icicles hang from the bending spires
They glitter and wave, like silvery wires,
E'en from one sunny ray.
Look o'er the lawn! and the birds you will see,
Sitting mute, and sad, on each leafless tree,
Not a feather looks gay.

Go! wild old Boreas, wind thy shrill horn!
Go! blow through the forest, the streets and lawn!
We'll turn thee out of the door;
Hark! the cold wind comes anon through the cracks,
Thou art stinging us now, Oh! Oh! our backs!
Mercy! mercy—the poor!

SUNSET.

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—SHAKSPEARE.

We view thy bright orb, as it sinks in the west
And slowly lose sight, of thy shining vest,
Now thou'rt sunk, in the trees, and thy silvery breast
Is lost, till the morning appears.

O! what were our world, if thou ne'er should arise,
And with thy fair face, illumine the skies?
What could comfort the heart, or cheer the eyes,
And dissipate man's gloomy fears?

How wise and beneficent, the Giver of light!
How various the beauties he pours on the sight!
How wisely he orders the day and the night!
For the rest and comfort of man.
O why should an apathy come o'er the soul?
A lethargy inglorious, ungrateful and cold?
Will the heart not adore, where the eye can behold,
The wonders displayed o'er the land?

Would, that our hearts were ever in tune,
To praise thee at morning, evening and noon,
We sigh that our natures forget thee so soon,
When mercies are scattered around.
We mourn, that we merit, thy chast'ning rod,
We weep, that our follies, displease our God,
For sin's rude brambles spring up from the sod,
And briers grow o'er the ground.

IN DAYS GONE BY.

In days gone by—when the world was young,
Love's beautiful companion was joy;
But some how or other, we vexed old Jove,
And he vowed such bliss to destroy.

He said that sorrow should travel with love,
And that moment sorrow was nigh:
Old Jupiter laugh'd from the clouds above,
To hear Cupid's votaries sigh.

But he cannot escape from his sorrowful guest,
She pursues him o'er brier and brake,
If he lights on a rose for a moment to rest,
She is seen close behind at his back.

QUERY.

Why art thou so partial, nature?
When thou dost to man thy gifts bestow;
To some poor wretches, a heart thou e'en deniest,
And in the place of this strange creature,
Thou givest a *huge lump* of *ice* or *snow*,
Which e'en the sun, or fire, or very *deal* defiest.

Pray nature! tell us why is it so?
Some hearts run o'er like a boiling spring;
While others freeze in apathy so cold and stern,
That we might hold a torch and blow and blow;
Until the very arguments we'd bring,
Would almost make a Zembla's snow bank burn.

ANOTHER QUERY.

Say what is this that bears the spirits up,
Under misfortune's most oppressive weight?
And what is this that makes the heart still hope,
Contend and argue with its sterner fate?
'Tis true we cannot know the human heart,
One day it sinks, beneath a weight of woes,
The next a vivid ray, will through it dart,
And calm the tumult, of its bitter throes.

HOPE DECEIVES.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures kings.—SHAKSPEARE.

Hope! although thou dost deceive,
Thou art a charm;
E'en the visions thou dost weave,
Have power to calm.

Storms may blow and fate may lower,
Still thou art there;
With thy bewitching soothing power,
To promise fair.

Thy flattering smiles although so false,
Our hearts deceive:
The confiding one thou oft exalts.
Merely to grieve.

Thou art a strange and wayward thing,
A moment, gone!
I ween a brighter wreath to bring,
The brow to adorn.

Soon as its charm has faded quite;
With brighter glow,
Thou hast another just in sight,
To fit the brow.

So from the cradle to the grave,
Thou'rt deceiving;
We ne'er receive, but still shall have
The web thou'rt weaving.

PILGRIM AND THE GRAVE.

There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.—SHAKSPEARE.

The Specter, Gloom, approaches me again, with raven coat, and wraps his long dark wings around my head; and every thought that comes is tinged with shadows.—AUTHOR.

How peaceful and how powerful is the grave,
Which hushes all! a calm unstormy wave
Which oversweeps the world.—BYRON.

PILGRIM.

Mine eyes are weary, Grave! lend me thy bed,
Where I may slumber, with the peaceful dead;

Youth's beautiful and vivid dreams have flown,
And time has o'er my brow his white robe thrown;
My early friends are gone, Grave! tell me where!
Point to the spot! and bear my spirit there!
A stranger now, the world owns me no more,
Those charms that won its love in days of yore,
Have flown away; and left a shadowy form,
Bearing the marks of many a blighting storm;
Mine eyes are weary, Grave! lend me thy bed!
That I may slumber with the quiet dead.

GRAVE.

Callest thou on me, replete with gloom profound?
Whose cell is dark, beneath the cold damp ground;
Hast thou e'er noted my appalling gloom?
Surveyed with care my lone contracted room?
Or hast thou heard the deep and hollow sound?
When the pale corpse was lower'd in the ground?
Or witness'd the long echo from my cell
When dust to dust had sounded its last knell.
Look in my cavern! see the dark red earth!
The sepulchre where spectres have their birth,
O! weary Pilgrim! contemplate those truths!
Then, if thou canst my narrow cavern choose,
I'm bound to lend my cold and cheerless bed,
Where thou may'st slumber with the silent dead.

PILGRIM.

I retrospect the time, when life was young,
When hope and joy, seem'd to my vitals strung,

When mirth came booming with so full a gush,
As lit the eye, and gave the cheek a flush;
'Twas then I loath'd thy dark and gloomy cave,
Thou dismal refuge! horrid! horrid grave!
This time has pass'd, tho' still my dreams are young,
Bright ideal visions have not from me flown;
Reverses give to one, a quicker eye
To note dark scenes, or beauteous gems descry;
And yet the world is not to me the same,
Love proves a *sound*, and "*friendship* but a *name*;"
When waves of sorrow burst upon my head,
Friendship withdraws, and sympathy is fled,
I'm weary, Grave! lend me thy dismal bed,
May aching eyes, close with the sleeping dead!

GRAVE.

Once more look o'er the earth! its fields and flowers,
Its murmuring rills, its shady groves and bowers;
Life's cheering voice, peeling o'er hill and dale,
From every living creature of the vale.
O! look on nature's charms! compare them all
With my dark coffin! and the gloomy pall!
The stagnant air, confined within my cell,
Where *only one*, poor lonely *one!* can dwell;
Shut out from all the lovely scenes of earth,
All social joy, hilarity and mirth;
Sleeping,—sleeping too sound for sweet repose;
The wandering spirit—where? O! no one knows!
O weary traveller! dost thou wish my gloom?
Wilt thou take refuge in my shady room?

Come to my dwelling, dark and cold and stern;
I can no creature from my bosom spurn.

PILGRIM.

Ah! terror seizes on my inmost soul,
Cease! cruel grave, thy horrors to unfold;
Lonely and friendless, tho' my portion be,
An heir to grief, to want, to misery;
Tho' dim mine eyes, and tho' my locks are white
Yet Grave! thou art a dismal, dismal sight,
Hide from me now!—thy yawning cavern close!
Let me but lift mine eyes where beauty glows,
That one bright vision may flit o'er my way,
Ere I am shrouded in thy cold damp clay.

INVOCATION.

Would some bright angel from the world of glory,
Tell us of Heaven;
In notes undying,—breathe the beauteous story,
Of sins forgiven.

Of bright and joyous days, without one shade of night,
Of love, pure love;
Of shining seraphs, robed in unsullied white,
That dwell above:

Of bliss eternal,—soul vivifying thought,
That thrill our hearts

Of flowers that bloom forever, with fragrance fraught,
Whose odour, life imparts.

Tell us of perfect health, where no disaster comes,
Of joys not blighted;
Tell us of tranquil skies free from all low'ring storms,
Of love requited.

Of the soft breeze that brings perpetual sweets,
And life's pure river;
O! whisper of the gold enameled streets,
Of God, the giver.

And give us a light, that we may travel on,
Through mist and mire;
Resting in our Saviour, Christ,—the Father's son,
Nor ever tire.

And tell us, ere long we'll have our large estate,
A glorious crown,
And live eternally, with all that's wise and great,
In bliss profound.

But the purest joy, to meet with those above
Never to part;
Frendship divinely sweet, bound with a cord of love
Around the heart.

TIME.

"Time is never so cruel as when, while stealing from us the power to please, leaves us in full possession the unhappy privilege to be charmed."
BULWER.

O Time! thou art a cruel *thing;*
Thou stealest from us the "power to please,"
Nor dost thou cold contentment bring,
Or chilling apathy to freeze
The thrilling heart.

And yet thou leavest us the power,
The privilege of being charmed,
With every bright and beauteous flower,
Nor paus'st to see whom thou hast harmed,
Thou fleeting time.

Thy finger sinks the temples in,
And the rich locks of burnish'd gold,
Grow dull and gray and very thin,
As thy stern visage we behold;
Thou ancient time.

The bright blue eye, that once could laugh,
With sparkling hope, and joyful glee;
Is dim;—to see the tot'ring staff,
That carries our decrepitcy;
Old Father time.

Yet, why care I, for thy stern course?
No honor'd favour'd child am I;
To me, thou ever was't morose,
Nor heedest thou the trembling sigh;
Hard hearted time.

For sorrow mark'd me at my birth,
And bound a wreath of anxious care,
So tight around the child of earth,
That wrung the hot and bitter tear,
From my young eyes.

And as I grew it tighter press'd,
And gave my heart such thrilling pain,
I've often thought that thou would'st rest,
That heart and aching brain
Thou passing time.

Then onward move, old ruthless time!
With me thy bus'ness soon will close,
Ah! then I'll find another clime,
Where happiness forever flows
In Heaven.

AUTUMN.

How emblematical of life's 'ventful dream,
Are the fall of leaves;
Whose mellow tints, like a rich carpet seem,
Beneath the bare trees.

While the parent trunk stands naked and forlorn
Like a sorrowing one;
And the murmuring winds, which around it mourn,
Sigh for joy that's gone.

O! autumn! thou hast a melancholy voice,
That comes with thy winds;
No reckless, thoughtless creature can rejoice,
At such faded scenes.

For who, that beholds the once proud stately tree,
Deaden'd, disrob'd and bare;
But owns all earthly grandeur,--vanity?
Life but a voyage of care?—

WHEN CARES OPPRESS.

When cares oppress the anxious mind,
And sigh responds to sigh,
Where can we real pleasure find?
The ardent feelings cry.

In gayest scenes, we seek for peace,
That peace we fondly love;
We sigh to find no real bliss,
In all the heart can prove.

The festive dance, the brilliant play—
By those we've oft been charm'd;

But mental sighs, will surely say,
Were we for such things form'd?

Have we not left the birth-night ball,
And sad in thought retir'd?
Have we not heard some spirit call,
With holy love inspir'd.

And whisper of those Heavenly throngs,
Where all is perfect love;
Where seraph joys, and seraph songs,
The noblest feelings move.

Ah! now deceived in all such schemes
Of happiness below;
Ah! now I find them idle dreams,
I'll let the phantom go.

The world's sweet smile, is poison'd bait,
Its flat'ry 'noxious food,
The soul, must such false honors hate,
That means to dwell with God.

HAST THOU A BALM?

Hast thou, Heaven! a balm for every woe,
That earth imparts?
Do thy bright mansions, with such blessings flow;
To cure all hearts?

Seek then my soul! with more avidity,
A clime so pure:
Wake up! wake up! from this dull lethargy,
And God adore.

Rapturous thought! when unabating love,
Shall heal the soul:
A balm—a balm—in that bright world above,
For wounds ne'er told.

TALENTS AND WORTH.

Talents, and worth, and beauty, all must die;
The deep—dark grave, hides them from mortal sight;
Dust to dust, is laid with many a sigh,
And brightest things are wrapt in endless night.

Does nature look less fair? does nature weep?
No,—onward she tracks her rough, or even way,
The same bright day for toil, the night for sleep,
And all her borders decked quite as gay.

Genius dies,—the rose blooms just as sweet;
The azure sky, looks cloudless as before:—
The march of science, moves along as fleet;
While death is knocking at the *great man's* door.

Strange art thou nature! not by mortals read,
For mystic matter, solves not a myst'ry;

Go! call upon the pale and silent dead!
To read to us, man's unknown history.

So complicated,—so dark, and fathomless;
Thou art mysterious,—complex *mind!*
In what unknown, unheard of, deep abyss?
Can we a key to thy lost secrets find?

THE LAST ENEMY.

"The last enemy that shall be destroy'd is death."—1. CORINTHIANS.

There's power to conquer thee, insatiate death!
O glorious, glorious victory!
Thou, who hast sported with the mortal breath
Since the first page of human hist'ry.

Thou ghastly king! thou art at last o'erthrown
O hallelujah!—glory! glory!
No more we'll hear thy deep and hollow groan
Angels repeat, repeat the story!

Oh! gloomy grave! accomplice of this king,
Thou art despoil'd of thy wan prey;
The monarch's fallen,—saints, and angels sing!
He reigns not in Eternity.

WHAT I LOVE.

I love to hold converse, with birds and with trees,
And the bright azure sky, that glows far above;
And murmur the while;—It is God who sees,
It is God, who beholds, his children with love.

Let me talk with wild flowers, that peep from the sod,
When tones that are harsh, wound my repose;
They whisper me kindly, they tell me of God,
And a place where true friendship perpetually flows.

I love to commune with the wind as it flies
Unseen, through the dark forest and grove;
And hear the low echo, as it softly replies,
He who sends it is God,—He is love,—He is love.

I love the lone woods, where the flow'rs bloom wild,
Either mountain or dell, where the Ivy bush grows,
The red berry or thorn, which pleases the child,
Such give me a pleasure;—Why? nobody knows.

Yet far more intensely, I adore the warm heart,
Where sympathy glows with a generous love;
When I weep;—O to see the kind tear start
In the eye,—such unison comes from above.

BEAUTIFUL STARS.

Beautiful stars! how many art thou?
That so thickly bespangle night's canopy;
Tell us! O! tell us thy destiny!
Beautiful stars!

Could we borrow the wings of angels bright,
How soon would we take a mystical flight,
To thy fair worlds, this moon-light night;
Beautiful stars!

We'd pierce thy soft rays of silvery hue,
We'd sup with thy children on heavenly dew,
And O! could we meet with hearts that are true,
Beautiful stars!

We'd rest us awhile in thy worlds above,
And live on sympathy, friendship and love,
Tranquilly sweet, through thy borders we'd rove,
Beautiful stars!

Come tell us, bright stars, of thy flow'ry world,
Are thy walls of jasper? and thy streets of pearl?
Come now thy trophies of glory unfurl,
Beautiful stars!

Thou tellest us naught, ambiguous and cold,
Thy mystical history none can unfold,
For ages, no secret of thine has been told,
Beautiful stars!

POET'S THOUGHTS.

Why are the Poet's thoughts so crazy?
Ever and anon at play;
To pluck the violet rose or daisy,
And light on every thing that's gay.

Or through midnight's deepest shadow,
Flitting as a spectre wild;
Then weaving a light silken ladder,
To catch the rainbow as a child.

O! the Poet's curious dreaming,
Fit only, for the mad asylum;
Fainting, dying, heart's blood streaming,
Himself in a complete delirium.

He grasps the sun-beam's ray of glory,
And ranges through elysium bowers;
Then listens to the demon's story;
Until a tempest o'er him lowers.

THE THREE DEMONS.

O! I would talk of twilight and of stars, such themes as Poet's love,—save for this gloom that flits across the mind, dark as old Mississippi's turbid waves, and spectres tall, stalk with me, on her margin,—and then the 'magination conjures up "sea monsters" from her deep,—and other curious things.—AUTHOR.

In a deep low vale where the winds murmur'd low,
And the meteors at night, are seen faintly to glow,

Is a dark lone dell, studded thickly with pine,
Where the eyes, of wild beast, are seen fiercely to shine;
There the slow tortois, and green scorpions sleep,
And the large water-mockasons lazily creep;
On a cold hazy night, as a storm mutter'd low,
A torch of blue light, was seen faintly to glow;
When three tall Demons, approach the cave
For desultory chat, either witty or grave.

Satonos, a fiend, most intriguing and sly,
Had been in his prime, a political spy;
Distinguish'd, in Satan's counsels of state,
For eloquent speeches, none could with him prate;
Much work had he done, in Satan's dominions,
With men he caused jars, and different opinions;

Belzuba, a Demon, wild, airy and gay,
Was not so profound, but at all vicious play,
Was the champion, the hero, the apollo of devils,
And was foremost, in all riots and revels;
'Twas said his vivacity, so charm'd all the crew,
E'en Satan's own favorites, too fond of him grew.

Demosto's character, unlike either fiend,
Was serious, meditative, profound and bland;
He had studied Theology, intently and grave,
Was acquainted with man, both christian and knave;
By him, was invented, all mischievous fraud,
For the souls of the clergy, he got double reward:
He was chosen by Cardinals, Monks and Deans,

To throw o'er their dignities, silvery sheens:
He controled the Bishops, the Friars and Popes,
Was with all devotees, in their midnight gropes;
In fine he had done the world so much evil,
He was deemed, by all Hell, a most valuable devil.

They enter'd the cave, by a glimmering light,
The Owls, and the Panthers, scream with affright;
And the glare of their eyes, lighted the wall,
Where the scorpion, and lizard, were seen to crawl,
They seated themselves, and kindled the fire;
And to pass off the time, began to enquire,
What progress each one, had made in his art,
Of disturbing the world, and corrupting man's heart.

Satonos arose, and thus spoke to his friends,
I have traveled and toil'd to gain our ends;
With man I'm acquainted, I've studied his nature
And know ev'ry turn, in the versatile creature.
I have found his heart, to mercy inclined,
In despite, of a natural, depravity of mind.
And found without *stratagem*, his benevolence such,
His goodness our arts, may at last overreach.
And have strove, to root out this kindness and love
By an art, that would outwit, e'en Pluto or Jove
Then adroitly placed in, a capricious thing
Call'd honor, patriotism, true to country and king.
Now pretending to love, their country, and homes
They pillage, and murder, and burn foreign domes,
While hecatombs are offer'd, to our bold king,

We to his Majesty, the spoils daily bring.
Arise, bold compeers! tell what has been done!
That our Monarch, may own each legitimate son.

Equally ambitious, have I Belzuba, been,
I've studied man, and all his actions seen:
I too have found, a blandness in his heart,
A principle, that would true joy impart:
A something charming, that would sweeten life,
Destroy all discord, misery, and strife,
A *love* for those *fair*, *fragile creatures*,
Which mock the rose, for loveliness of features.
Fearing the influence, of each potent *thing*,
That would to man, such real blessings bring:
This was *my* scheme, to rob him of such bliss,
Love I withdrew, and put in *avarice*.
Ever since the change, the unhappy man,
Dreams not of love, but silver, gold and land.
Steeling his heart, against all softer charms,
Love, save for gold, now ne'er his bosom warms.
And that pure flame, that emanates from heaven,
Is from his heart, by sordid avarice, driven.
Demosto! now tell, all thy bold achievements
Of man's unlucky woes, of his bereavements.

Demosto rose, the owls for midnight scream,
The panther's eyes dart forth, a fiercer gleam;
The snakes uncoil, to catch the fiendish sound,
And then was silence, in the cave profound.

Comrades! I now to thee unfold,
My projects, reckless, daring, bold,
My whole delight, has ever been,
To nurture misery, and sin.

Our speculations, lead to the same end,
Tho' for our prey, we different courses wend;
The ways of man, attentively I've mark'd
And found within his breast, a gem, a spark,
Inclining him, too seek for lasting good;
Intuitive knowledge, as 'twere, of God:
By deep research, I found where this gem lay
Within the heart;—and from it threw a ray
Too luminous, for Demons to behold,
And not desire, its influence to control.
Hush that hissing! thou serpents vile!
Till I relate, how I did man beguile!
Profound attention! compeers, my story heed!
Religion from the heart I stole, and plac'd it in the *head.*
Doctrines now bewilder man, he has another creed,
Sceptics and persecutors reign, and martyrs bleed,
Pestilence, and war may boast,—I exceed them all,
Millions have I slain, since man's unlucky fall,
Yield me the victory Demons! bear me the palm,
All must acknowledge, I've done the greatest harm.

Brave Demos! we the victory to thee bear,
Thy schemes were deepest, and stronger was thy snare,
But—come! come, the day approaches, let's, let's away,
We must not be seen here, in the light of day.

THE LONE COT.

O! The winds howl fearfully, around the lone Cot,
Can taste and refinement dwell there?
Ah! dark is the storm in that desolate spot
Where the blast draws the unwelcome tear;
Can thoughts sublime, and sentiments pure,
Inhabit the Cot, of the wretched and poor?

O! the winds howl wild, and the storm gathers thick,
And the fire grows feeble and dull,
No bright lamp can burn, for drown'd is the wick,
O! that the bleak storm would lull;
And who is that creature, that watches alone,
Nor looses one sound, of the wind's hollow moan?

The children all wearied, have sunk to repose,
And sleep, while the storm patters down;
But there sits that creature, whose eye cannot close,
While the winds, mutters mournfully round,
Her bosom swells high, in the utmost despair,
As the dark clouds ride o'er, the last twinkling star.

It snows, and the flakes, that descend through the roof,
Besprinkle, the lone cottage floor,
The rich, and the vain, in pride stand aloof,
And think, such *belong* to the *poor;*
Can feelings, of loftiness, and grandeur of thought,
Inhabit that dwelling, with misery fraught!

NIGHT.

The curtain of night, is drawn o'er the world,
And her great chandelier, is lighted,
With reflecters, that gleam like the richest of pearl,
Or the diamond eyes, of a beautiful girl,
For the way-faring man that's benighted.
O! glorious night!
O! beautiful sight!
Are the stars, and the moon, with their silvery light.

And the clouds,—how august,—with their golden hue,
Lighted up, by that bright chandelier,
While glittering dots, like the spangles of dew,
And molten seas, and mountains of blue,
All o'er the horizon appear.
O! beautiful sight!
O! glorious night!
With the stars, and the moon, and their silvery light.

Let others admire the brightness of day,
Give me the deep silence of night;
Let them worship the sun, with his piercing ray,
And follow his course through the tedious day,
I turn from the gorgeous sight,
To stillness like this
A repose of bliss
When the dew-drops, and night-flowers sweetly kiss.

Here, in this quiet and dreamy repose,
When each thought, is a breath from the heart,
With nought to impede, like a river that flows
They pour from a fountain of bliss, or of woes,
Yet a calmness to me, they impart,
As they rise on the air,
And are borne afar,
To the courts of Heaven, in the language of prayer.

And then the loved ones that rest in that place
In prospective, I view at this hour,
Adorned with a richness, a beauty and grace,
A dazzling charm, of form, and of face,
But my muse, has not the power,
Divinely to tell,
The half that I feel,
When a vision of glory, o'er my faculties steal.

MOON LIGHT.

"This night methinks, is but the day-light sick,
"It looks a little paler."

Benign and gentle, shineth thy soft beam,
O'er all the sleeping earth,
Go—to the silent grave-yard; there's thy gleam,
Go—to the halls of mirth!
There—There thou art.

The Pyramids, that ancient Egypt piled;
Idumia's desert sands,
Tho' cursed,—thou still hast ever on them smiled,
There thy bright orb expands,
There—There thou art.

A kind benevolence beams from thee,
Impartial,—'like to all,
The savage Arab, under his palm tree,
Beholds thy bright rays fall
There—There thou art.

But purer seems thy patient saintly watch
Around the quiet dead;
With holy awe thou seemest to approach,
The lonely sleepers bed
There—There thou art.

Whether laid away in a princely state,
Or 'neath the willow tree,
Thou questionest not the quiet dreamer's fate,
There, thy pure beams we see,
There—There thou art.

Still pouring sacred, holy—holy light,
Over each turfted mound,
And the dark flitting shadows, seemeth bright,
Hallowing all the ground,
There—There thou art.

Still watch on! compassionate bright orb,

'Till their deep sleep be o'er,
Then thou mayest fold thy silvery spangled robe
And watch them here, no more,
Here—Here no more.

NIGHT STROLL ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

On the margin of thy stream,
As the sun's last parting gleam,
Glimmers on each tree;
When the birds that shun the day,
O'er thy waters, whizzing play,
And the lenghtening shadows wide,
Fringe thy banks on either side,
While the mocking-bird with song,
Mimicking the feathery throng,
Making melody.

'Tis then I stray alone beside
Thy dark water's rushing tide,
In the stilly hours;
Not passionless, as that pale queen,
That guilds thy borders with her sheen,
Nor, merry as that mocking pair,
That chatters,—whistles—cherups—there,
But, like the shadows o'er thee flung
The mind is sad,—the light is gone
And darkness lowers.

But, ever and anon, a beam,
Breaks through the darkness on thy stream,
Type of the mind;
So at this twilight hour,—afar,
By faith, I view a glorious star;
The cloud has gone, a golden ray
Has flung the shadows far away;
Light gushes down, a heavenly calm,
Succeeds each little passing storm,
Pure,—sweet,—refined.

Just so, alternate shade or light,
Flits before the Pilgrim's sight,
In a desert wild;
And now the mind has grown serene,
With rapture I behold the scene;
A thousand beauties I descry,
Around, beneath,—outspread, on high,
The moon has lit the ripling stream,
And Fairies dance on her bright beam,
Old night's beguiled.

Visions and dreams, away! away!
A Steam Boat nears, see the light spray
And see!—on deck
Convivial glee, in mimic show,—
I view them, as they swiftly go,
Proud of their power to skim thy tide,
And nobly does the vessel ride,
And lofty in her bearing too;

But ah! no more her lights I view;—
Now, a mere speck.

She's gone! I scarce her 'scape can hear,
But lo, a dozen Flat Boats near,
With merry song,
Moving along thy muddy stream;
Secure in the kind moon's bright gleam;
Thus, mighty river!—night or day,
Thy waves are ploughed, and every spray,
That sparkles in the star-light's glare,
Tells busy, bustling men are there;—
A restless throng.

DEW DROPS.

At early morn thy pearly eye,
Peep from the rose bud's richest dye,
And, from the lily's virgin cup,
I love to see the wild bee sup
The dew drops.

And ere the spring one garb has worn,
I wander o'er the naked lawn,
To find the early violet;
Although my feet are dripping wet
With dew drops.

O Nature! nature! Thou, to me
Art; what thou art, to the wild bee,

I plague the flowers, the bouquets pull,
While every little cup is full
Of dew drops.

'Tis strange—I cannot tell one why,
Such beauties make me often sigh;
But oftener I have gazed and smiled,
Which makes me deem myself a child,
'Mid dew drops.

And 'mid the flowers, a perfect bee,
Like her e'en making melody,
Buzzing, buzzing, here and there,
Snuffing the fragrance from the air,
And dew drops.

O Nature! thou didst use me wrong,
I should have been a bird of song,
A tiny, warbling busy thing,
For ever, ever, on the wing
With dew drops.

THE BLITHE, ETC.

The blithe summer birds have flown
Are gone,
Away on the wings of the air;
Afar,

And the leaves, one by one,
Murmur, summer is gone,
And winter is coming,
Beware!

Autumn's cool zephyrs now blows;—
The rose
Is not on the bush, or ground
Ere found,
And each deaden'd tree,
Sighs most piteously,
A dirge-like air;
A moan.

Ah! and must this be the way?
The gay!—
Will they pass too—like a dream?
A stream?
Far away out of sight:
Not a sunbeam, to light—
The desolate way,
The night.

Ah no! ah no! In the sky,
On high:
There's a star that the shepherds
Declare,
Shines with luminous ray;
Bright as midsummer's day,
There's refuge and rest;—
There fly.

'TIS SWEET AMID, ETC.

'Tis sweet amid the ship-wrecks of the heart,
To find one little budget stowed within;
When one by one, we've seen each hope depart;
'Tis then, with much avidity we glean,
From that small bundle, which is ne'er forgot;
O how we cull it o'er to find a bright green spot.

And, like a pilgrim in a desert waste,
That happily, perchance, has found a rill,
Amidst the hot siroccos;—lights and tastes
And cools his feverish brow, and sups his fill;
We search the bundle, the little gem to find,
And there it is (a jewel) within the mind.

THE PARTING.

This unknown future,—when we part,—
This knell,—if we should meet no more,
Those bitter pangs that we endure,
'Tis like death's own keen dart.

'Tis past, and truely thou art gone,
The few short weeks have flown away,
The time prescribed for thee to stay,
Have quickly—quickly flown.

My heart,—my heart is strangely sick,
And nature hides her gleamy face,
And something dark broods o'er the place,
Heart!—why dost thou beat quick?

Is it that cruel word, farewell!?
That falls upon thee, like a weight,
Portentous of disastrous fate?
Or like a funeral knell?

O! thou too fond, too yearning heart!
That so o'erlooks thine own deep throes
That lives in another's bliss or woes;
Nor feeling thine own smart.

Thou art gone,—and if the power,
Were given me, to light thy way,
I'd send a bright, and cloudless ray,
I'd make thy world one flower.

Upwards,—and upward thou should'st rise,
And every step that touched the flower
I'd breathe on it a heavenly power,
That near'd thee to the skies.

SEPTEMBER 7th, 1842.

LAMENT.

O! when will my summer flowers return?
When will they bloom again?

"When the old monarch, Winter, bleak and stern,"
"Ceases to reign."

Will they bloom as fresh? as sweet and fair?
As ere they sank away,
"When ye feel the summer's balmy air"
"They'll open gay."

And will the vines their tendrils twine
Around my summer bowers;
"Yes—when the sunbeams on them shine
"With April showers."

But oh! my loveliest flower is gone,
A rose of purity,
With the summer it will not return,
Return to me.

"It is removed,—far—far above
"Cold winter's blighting wand,
"Was gently borne in the arms of love
"By God's command."

SEPTEMBER, 1842.

Ah! I miss, her joyous playful glee,
Her sweet endearing smile
Can I forget,—O memory!—
Leave me awhile!

OCTOBER 9th, 1843.

BEAUTY.

They tell me beauty soon will fade,
Though witching in its power,
Ah! see its lovely light and shade,
'Tis in the morning flower.

'Tis on the cheek of bright sixteen,
So redolent and fair,
Around the dimpled mouth 'tis seen,
And on the gleamy hair.

And in the kind and gentle air,
The soft and tender tone,
And round the polished forehead fair
It sits a jewel'd zone.

But oh! the bright, the laughing eye,
Beauty must triumph there,
Though colored like the azure sky
Or like the raven hair.

No difference,—if the glance be kind,
Benevolent and pure;
Ah! then it speaks a Heavenly mind,
That seraphs might adore.

They tell me beauty soon will fade,
Though witching in its power;
Ah! see its lovely light and shade,
'Tis in the morning flower.

INVALID'S SONG.

Give me the sweet wind from the hills,
A balm for the Invalid's brow,
O the cool, the murmuring rills
Where the beach and the willow trees grow.

Bear me now to the beachen tree,
The buz of the wild bee is there;
Around there is soft melody,
And the rippling waters are clear.

Now fill the cool cup from the rill,
And bathe! my feverish head;
All—all be quiet and still,
While ye make down the Invalid's bed.

Near the mossy stone I will lie,
Where the flowers are peeping around,
The birds will sing a lul-a-by
While I'm sleeping upon the ground.

TO A BEAUTIFUL CYPRESS VINE IN FULL BLOOM.

The frost hath spared thee yet, my vine,
The frost hath spared thee yet,
And thou still with fond affection twine
Around my summer seat.

Thy sister flowers are all asleep,
Sleep with their mother earth,
And thou alone art left to weep
The gone-by days of mirth.

Each morn, I visit thee, my vine,
Thinking to find thee gone;
But the hoar frost, hath been so kind,
To leave my favorite one.

O pity! that so bright a thing
Should pass from earth away,
And pity that death's barbed sting
Makes lovely flowers decay.
October, 20th 1842.

THOU HAST LED ME, ETC.

Thou hast led me in a way,
I ne'er had thought to go,
Thou source of pure etherial day,
Thy mighty power to show.

No flowers, o'er paths were strewed,
For my unguarded feet,
No bright-eyed sylvan goddess wooed—
—Me to her golden seat.

But, if my Redeemer. thou—
Didst point the thorny way,
Then let me humbly, meekly low,
Taught only to obey.

LOVE IS INNATE.

Love is innate, 'twas breathed within my heart,
Ere childhood's dreams were o'er,
And can I with the cherished idol part?
And love no more.

No! I have said with me it was innate,
A pure and holy flame,
However dark and gloomy be my fate,
'Tis more than a name.

It reaches farther than the eye can see
Grasps more than earth can hold,
It is co-equal with eternity,
'Twill there unfold—

—Its lovely charms, unbounded in its might,
Where no absorbing cares
Will droop the wings of love's ascending flight
With burning tears.

Extinguished—no,—It can never be,
Though crushed within the soul
It has a depth of thought, a purity
That can't be told.

MOON.

How long hast thou been shining--patient moon?
How long hast thou been shining?
Alike on the wild bacchanalian's room,
Or on the lone one pining.

Hast thou no time-piece? gentle, gentle beam!
To tick the hours? the lonely hours,
Since first thy soft rays poured a holy gleam
On the wild sleeping flowers.

ON MY BLIGHTED CYPRESS VINE.

Thou hast sank—my beauteous vine,
Thy leaves are pale and wan,
And when the sunbeams on thee shine,
Thy flowers will then be gone,
Away, away.

Soon as the white frost met my eye,
I thought of thee, my vine!
And then I heard the bleak-wind sigh,
Thy flowers, thy flowers are gone
Away, away.

I hastened to my little bower,
Where thou, but yesterday

Towered so high in beauty's power,
Hast sunk and died away
Away, away.

And then a moral to my heart,
Came with the sighing wind
"We must with every idol part,"
"To adore, is but to sin,"
"Aught save the great I AM."

I humbly bowed and turned away,
With one dark withered leaf,
A memento for the heart—when gay,
That earthly joys are brief.

SOLITUDE.

Tell me if this be solitude!
Not one loved voice to break this deathly gloom,
Yet beings of the mind intrude
And by enchantment decks a room,
With shade or light
A day or night,
Hope or despair,
A smile or tear,
Just as their wayward fancies please,
Will they my fond affections tease?

Retrospection with a vivid glow,
Brings what has faded long, long ago,

Her visions are so beautiful and wild,
I am again a little playful child,
Standing beside my own fond mother's knee
As I was want, so full of buoyant glee;
And rosy romping children all are there,
That used to join in dance or mimic prayer.
There too are baby dolls, our baby house,
And e'en the tabby cat has caught a mouse,
But then she turns with an earnest wo,
And whispers those have died long time ago,
And busily within the mind she stirs
Fond recollections—To womanhood recurs—
Mischievously—and tell me o'er and o'er
The things she's treasured in her greedy store;
The picture to my wakened fancy glows,
Fragrant and fresh as spring's earliest rose.

The bright, the glowing—the enviable sixteen,
When every flower was sweet—and meadow green,
Seems to have pass'd but yesterday—and I—
Scarce realize—grief—care and misery.
Then memory too—play her active part,
Lights up a smile—or wounds the aching heart,
And Ideality on her fairy wings
Brings to the mind a little world of things;
She soars beyond the sight—she leaves the past,
And laden with her spoil returns in haste,
Spreads the rich banquet—to the poet's eye,
Gems from the ocean—earth—and azure sky;
E'en to the gates of Heaven she ventures near,

Her elevated thoughts disdain a fear,
And oft upon her dewy wings—a light
Descends—as sunbeams to the poet's night.
Hope lastly comes—she with a radiant brow,
With an immortal wreath and youthful glow,
The kind supporter on life's dreary road,
The sweet conductor to a bright abode;
She twines the wreaths around the broken hearts,
She bids them bloom—extracts the pointed darts;
Forgetting earthly woe and earthly joy,
She points to happiness without alloy.
Ah! thou best gift of Heaven—thou beaming light,
Life without thee would be a starless night;
We bow to thy pure shrine—we clasp thee near,
A treasure to the heart—a boon most dear.
Thus solitude, we cheat thee of thy gloom,
And have our social friends in the mind's room.

A LETTER.

Why should our cup be often mixed with bitter?
When o'er the earth such fragrant odours pour,
Why comes an antidote in a long letter?
Or from a rummage in our escritoire?
O the elastic texture of the mind!
The feminine!—(I know not what men are)
'Twere vain to try—a hemp chord ne'er can bind
An April rain—a sigh—a smile—a tear.

A letter—here's my implements unfurl'd,
A letter—I'll direct it to the world.
And I intend to say just what I choose,
If it be prose, or poetry—or what—not
Without consulting e'en a single muse,
With—or—without an Idea—or a—plot.

I will not be a sycophant, with thee,
Nor with the minions—that play on thy stage,
Pardon—Oh! world—my blunt sincerity,
I mean no war with thee or thine to wage,
But then methinks thou art a veering stage,
Where every sage or juggler plays his part;
From infancy to gurrulous old age,
And more or less each one's a knave at heart;
Were I an artist of the graphic class,
I'd paint thy theatre in miniature,
I'd draw the curtain from the motly mass,
And show how each one played behind the door,
But this would give me no eclat—and I—
Would be condemn'd by many a beau and bell,
They in their wrath might sentence me to die,
And more—perhaps, they'd send me straight to h—ll.
But I am growing wicked—pity me!—
I've spurn'd away all sentimental throes,
If kept from nature's charms—her melody,
I'll pledge myself to be like lapland's snows,
For why should one in thy cold climate feel
A sweet—a pure disinterested Love,

When hearts we meet are made of flint or steel,
That tears--nor sighs, nor language cannot move?

It is, we do presume, distinctly known,
That Ladies will ask why?—and wherefore this?
Particularly when they've peevish—grown
Therefore 'tis not so often thought amiss;
Then tell me, world! why some must meet thy frowns?
Why thorns and briers strew their devious way?
While others not more worthy, wear thy crowns?
Gleaming beneath thy smiles, from day-to-day,
And tell me why? thy smile elicits—Love?
No—I will not abuse that noble flame
Love—Love divine—came from a world above,
Then tell me why it gathers wreaths of fame?
Why is it that innumerable friends
Crowd the rich board of all thy favoured heirs?
When no glad feet to the lone cottage winds,
Where dwells no riches, save in holy prayers,
Ada had lived in luxury and ease,
But one by one her goods were borne away,
Ada in prosperous life had charms to please,
A creature full of hope, buoyant and gay.
Some lov'd her for her soft and winning ways,
Some vow'd she was a paragon,—a charmer;
But this was all in Ada's golden days,
Thy gifts, O World! made every friend the warmer.
If Ada wrote, her stanza's were so fine,
Or if she sang the strains were even glorious

And then her champaign—was the richest wine,
It made the whining of her cats sonorous?
Her Children O! each one was quite a *Star*,
Cupids—Apollo's—Genius's—forsooth
The images of dear *Marme* and *Pa*—
"Indeed my Little darlings 'tis the truth."
Thou cruel World withdrew thy gracious show'rs
And Ada's friends were really petrified;
Her generous heart exerted all its powers
In vain—each friend with a cold ague died.

APOSTROPHE TO TIME.

See the track of thy foot, on the once smooth brow,
Like the frost, on the pale wither'd leaf;
And the weight, of thy years, bends the proud head low,
As a heavy, and o'erloaded sheaf.

Tho' the mind feels, not thy blighting power,
For its freshness, is like the young morn;
It gathers a brightness, from ev'ry sweet flower
The furrowed brow to adorn.

Ah! but this stratagem, will not suffice,
Thou hast robb'd us, of all that can charm;
Thou'st stolen youth's brilliancy, 'way from the eyes,
And the maidenly grace from the form.

How cruel!—to steal the exterior grace,
And leave the sad power to be charmed;

Fade the rose, that blush'd o'er the beautiful face,
With a sweetness, so touching, so warm.

'Tis so!—and the brow that is wither'd with care,
Excites no warm sympathy from man;
And the eye that's dimm'd, by affliction's sad tear,
Is but seldom, admired again.

Oh! why should the heart, so sadly repine?
Or shrink like a sensitive leaf?
If affection here fails;—there are joys divine,
Where the bosom is cured of grief.

Then come smiling hope, thou ne'er will forsake;
All thy beautiful visions unfold;
Thou canst the fine sentiments, of feeling awake,
And impart, what cannot be told.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

"Sleep, gentle sleep,"
"Nature's soft nurse."

Come with thy wizzard charm, O sleep!
And o'er my wearied senses creep,
And all my busied fancies steep
In lethargy profound;
And let those eyes, so prone to weep,
Sleep sweet and sound.

But if thou please, the fancy *wild*

Thou still may'st leave:—like a playful child,
That some bright vision may beguile
The rustic girl;
And when the brain is free from toil,
Then let me smile.

Poet's may mock the inglorious charm,
Of dozing sweet, on couches warm;
And sing of mountains, clouds and storm,
But give me sleep!
And wrap me snug, from fear of harm,
Where day can't peep.

Ah! they may sing of ardent fire,
And touch the minstrel's sweetest lyre,
But they'll ne'er my *drowsy head* inspire
With poet's dreams;
Nor fix my *morbid fancy* higher
Than curtain themes.

They tell me, of such virtues rare,
Which they inhale, from morning air;
That the early dew, and flow'rs fair,
Ere the sun arise;
Glow, like a bright, and silvery star,
To charm the eyes.

I heed them not,—sleep comes o'er me,
With a soothing, dull monotony,
And bids all restless, passions flee,

Before its power;
And then I lie so quietly,
Nor count each hour.

Let poets snuff the midnight lamp,
And deem that sleep, their fancies cramp,
And all their vivid, fires damp.
(Each glorious thought;)
I'll sleep away and they may stamp
My name as nought.

Come thou sweet somniferous charm,
And bring thy strongest *morphine* balm,
And let me sleep, so sound and warm,
Some dozen hours:
Then let it thunder, hail, or storm,
I heed no showers.

O! when I'm wrapt in such repose,
As none, but the dozing sleeper knows;
The plates may chink;—the chicken crows,
But I am still
Coiled up in bed, head and toes,
To sleep my fill.

MY OLD ROCKING CHAIR.

Old Rocking Chair! thou'st been a friend to me,
And many turns there's been, 'twixt me and thee:

Since first we did, in amity agree,
To dwell together:
We've seen both discord, and harmony;
And all kinds of *weather*.

My babes I've nurs'd, in thee, old chair,
And I have known thee, many a year;
Ah! oft in thee, I've shed the tear,
By anguish wrung:
Then rocked away, both grief and care,
With a lullaby song.

Old friend! thou need'st a few repairs,
Hard times, have given thee some few scars;
I too, like thee, have been through wars,
Since first we met;
Yet we have both escaped death's jaws,
Nor paid that debt.

We are much alike;—Thou'st lost thy glaze,
Just so, mine eyes, their brilliant rays;
We've both outlived, our golden days,
And happy dreams;
Thou want'st a coat—and I my *stays*,
Old friend, it seems.

The world, old chair! has used us rough,
We've found it made of motly stuff,
It often spurns us with a gruff,
As on we move;
I think old friend we've seen enough
To *cure our love*.

Could thy old creeking sound unfold—
The various thoughts;—(could they be told)
That's filled my brain;—as oft I've stole
To thy old seat;
A folio volume could not hold
What thou'dst repeat.

Old friend, we'll soon be laid away
And other *trash*, will come in play
Like all things else, we've had our day,
And we must go,
Forgotten by the grave and gay,
Passing to and fro.

THE SWALLOW

Hast thou come? bright harbinger of early spring!
Hast the come, to tell us that winter is past?
And dost thou, the welcome intelligence bring?
That the snow, and the frost, and the cold winter blast,
Have departed? for the sweet little flowers to peep
From under the sod,—with their beautiful hues:
The multiflora, and woodbine, o'er houses to creep,
To form a thick shade, for the fanciful muse?

Now, welcome my bird! thou'rt welcome indeed!
To bring such refreshing good news!

Haste! gather thy straws, and thy chaff with speed!
And a snug little hole, in the chimney choose!
To build up a beautiful nest.
Ah! true, thou cant sing, like the pretty mock-bird,
Nor wearest thou, so rich a dress;
But where thy maternal, chat'ring is heard
Thou remindest of mother's, who fondly caress,
The sweet little ones at the breast.

INFANCY.

Thy infant age, has charms,
Wrapt in thy mother's arms,
Sweet one!
Thy rosy dimpl'd face,
And tiny head, with cap of lace
Neatly put on;
The cherry lip, press'd to the breast,
With artless playful, restlessness,
Ah! pure innocence, is thine;
The silken hair, so soft and fair,
Like golden, sun-beams shine.

Babe! thou art beautiful indeed!
Thine eyes outshine, the di'mond bead;
Thy soft smile, like angels sweet,
We delight to see thee oft repeat;
We love to see, thy innocence asleep;

We oft, to thy soft pillow creep,
And think thou seest, an angel train,
That lulls thee, with their softest strain.

Babe! cant it—can it be?
That we will ever see
Those dimpl'd hands, now soft and fair,
Engaged in carnage, blood and war?
O! babe! and can that lovely brow;
Emblem of the unsullied snow,
O! can it, will it ever bow
To one low thought?
No! let thy soul be fraught,
With wisdom from on high;
And may, thy virtues grow,
As nurtur'd, from the sky,
And may'st thou, be taught to know,
God reigns on high:
And views with beatific eye,
Age, *youth* and *infancy*.
That *He* has a place of rest,
For innocence to dwell;
Of such, equisite bliss,
That no tongue, can tell
Its excellence, and worth:
Or how Deity, could give such beauties birth.

YOUTH.

What bounding step
Is heard to skip,
So buoyantly along?
With the merry song?
Ah! youth's gay charms are there:
The features round and fair,
The laughing eye,
With colour, like the azure sky:
And cheeks, that like the rose,
While redolent and fresh,
Selects the morning to disclose
The purest, sweetest dress.

The sunny locks of gold
Around the face,
Are seen to play;
Each gesture, will unfold
A soft bewitching grace,
Which winds its way,
Directly to the heart.
The form erect and firm;
The feelings, kind, and warm;
Youth knows not yet, how to depart,
From pure simplicity:
But innocent and free,
It dances on, too merrily,

To dream of sorrow;
For can it borrow,
From old decrepid age,
One anxious care, or thought;
Nor can its thoughtlessness turn o'er the page,
With sage experience fraught.
But O! it cheers the heart,
To look on thee;
And age with fresher memory;
Recalls the past;
And can with cherish'd recollections see,
When such mirth, did to her impart,
An ecstacy of joy,
Without alloy.

Ah! lovely age!
Before the world's dark page,
Has open'd to thy mind,
With lessons, sternly taught;
That, wisdom must be bought;
That *love* may *fail;* and *friendship* prove unkind.

I view thee, with my heart, and eyes o'erflown;
I see thee when these dreams of bliss are gone.
And sympathize with thee,
Along life's way;
And pray, that in Eternity,
We all may find, one bright and endless day:
Of bliss without alloy,
A genial clime, where happiness,

Is never known to cloy.
A garden in all seasons,
Yielding every kind of fruit;
Trees with a thousand various sweets;
Buds hourly are seen to shoot;
And wreaths of richest gems,
Around each head;
Which forms bright diadems,
That every hour will shed,
Such spangled blooms,
Of dazzling gold:
So exquisitely bright,
That one single ray,
Would throw a light,
A thousand leagues along the way,
Among the trees, and fruits, and blooms,
Fragrant, with a thousand sweet perfumes.

OLD AGE.

This care worn shell,
Each coming day can tell,
Its gradual decay;
In the once smooth face,
The lineal marks ye trace,
Furrowing their own way.

Some crumbling part,
To mortify the heart,

Is seen to go:
A tooth breaks off;
The full round face grows soft;
And silvery hairs, scatt'ring grow.

The body once erect,
Now stooping o'er;
The brisk, elastic step,
Is heard no more;
But in its stead,
A sluggish, heavy tread,
Weary and slow:
As though each foot,
Much caution took,
Its tiresome way to go:
And then, the heavy load ye carry,
A bundle of anxious cares;
Ye cannot stop, ye cannot tarry;
Time waits not, for you here.
Yet, though the pace be slow,
Ye soon will know
A place of rest:
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
The care-worn breast;
And then ye'll quiet lie,
And the too, feeling heart,
Will have heaved, its last long sigh,
And have felt, its last keen smart.

INFLUENCE OF TIME.

Time lays his hand, on the smooth fair brow,
And leaves, a shadowy trace;
He breathes, on the beautiful cheek's rich glow,
And ye find, a withered face.

He touches the form, and lowly it bows,
The bright eye recedes from his gaze;
He combs the dark hair, and quickly it grows
White,—white, as yon silvery rays.

One *mystical thing*, looks on as he flies,
And smiles at his blanching power;
The edge of his scythe, it coolly defies,
And feels like an *immortal flower.*

Tho' it grows so sad, so weary and dull,
Confin'd alone in its cell;
It pants for a fountain, that ever is full,
Where the beautiful spirits all dwell.

It sighs for the rose, that fades not away,
And weeps, for love that is pure;
It would o'er the fields of elysium stray,
And learn how bright seraphs adore.

But O! it inhabits a dwelling so dark,
A *lonely,—a desolate thing;*
Tho' it feels in its nature, a heavenly spark,
The light, and the beauty, is gone.

And 'tis like a benighted wanderer now,
In a forest,—bewilder'd and blind;
Where no breezes are sent, to fan the faint glow
Of this dark, and mystical, *Mind.*

TO A STAR.

Thou twinkling star! that peeps beneath my curtain,
Dart thou away!
Thou keep'st old Morpheus from mine eyes 'tis certain,
With thy soft ray.

Thou fill'st the mind, with tumultuous rapture,
And complex thought;
To comprehend thy strange, and brilliant texture,
With beauty fraught.

Shinest thou, to mock, the lurid scenes of earth?
Thou sparkling thing:
The Mighty *One*, who gave thy beauties birth,
Reigns, Universal King!

His power supreme, created thy soft beauty,
And bid thee shine;
And every twinkling ray, tells man his duty:
That God's divine.

BRIEF MOMENT.

The moment has flown;—time has left it afar,
But memory holds it,—ah! dearly:
It seems in life's Era, as a beautiful star
That has set, and left me so lonely.

It has pass'd;—and the brief little moment's gone,
On a page of the heart 'tis engrav'n;
The record seems bright, as a beautiful morn,
Or as thoughts, that the soul has of heaven.

It has pass'd;—and is there another,—(save one)
Who remembers the time with emotion?
Or a heart, that can breathe so deep, deep a tone?
Or love with such ardent devotion?

MY THOUGHTS.

DEDICATED TO MRS. F. B. F.

My thoughts have roamed o'er the world,
And sadly return'd to my breast;
Nor have they a sentence e'er told,
Where my spirit can quietly rest.

Again, they go forth, from the heart,
With feelings of hope and despair;
They pierce, with a meteor's dart,
Through the trackless ether, afar.

They ask the blue clouds for a place,
Where a weary spirit can rest;
Like a mist, they vanish in haste,
And my thoughts come to me distress'd.

Again, to the stars they approach,
And deem that their silvery light,
Will give them some clue, or torch,
To illumine the fathomless night.

O! the stars glide silently down,
And the beautiful sky looks dark;
E'en the soft moon seemeth to frown,
List!—a sound I hear! O hark!

'Tis the voice of the spirit-dove,
As it flies through the viewless air;
And it comes, with a message of love,
To bid all the weary prepare

For a journey;—far, far away,
To mansions prepar'd for the bless'd;
No night there e'er follows the day,
And the spirits are ever at rest.

THE LARK.

Fleet bird! it seemeth—the moments to beguile,
That had I wings like thee, of golden hue,

I'd light upon yon silv'ry crescent pile,
And build my nest 'midst clouds of honey dew;
Methinks, my bird! with thy bright buoyant wing,
I'd reach that arch and to its fringes cling.

That world of grandeur—clouds on clouds I see,
Nothing to equal their soft brilliant lustre,
Pyramids of gold surrounding the blue sea,
Rich shells and granite rocks all in a cluster;
Such, beautious clouds, are your chamelion charms,
Various and flitting in their mystic forms.

And versatile as ye are, we delight
To gaze upon that soft and fleecy mound,
Studded with gems of scarlet, gold, and white,
It seems that there rich jewels might be found.
Lend me thy wing! gay tenant of the sky,
To pluck those coral wreaths of roseate dye.

O! lend thy wing!—and bear my spirit far,
That I may lave it in yon purple ocean,
My heart is glowing like that evening star,
That seems to twinkle with some sweet emotion.
Ah! happy bird, thou lendest not thy wing,
Then go thy way—go with thy love and sing!

THE CYPRESS VINE.

How beautiful this vine, where the soft tendrils twine,
All around the old parent stem,

The emblem of love, from the bright world above,
Such clinging attachments would seem.

There's a world of delight, where no withering blight
Will tear the affections apart;
Where no apathy cold, will wound the kind soul,
Or pierce the affectionate heart.

O! rapturous thought, with ecstacy fraught,
To dwell in that beautiful place;
Where blossoms ne'er die, nor the heart heaves a sigh,
Nor care ever saddens the face.

THE DOVE.

Amidst the many voices of the grove,
We hear one mournful tone;
O! 'tis the innocent,—the bird of love!
That sighs the plaintive moan:
Tell me thou gentle innocent—tell me!
What gives thy quiet spirit misery?

Thou art weary:—hast thou searched in vain?
O'er earth, and ocean wide,
To find one little spot, exempt from pain,
For guiltlessness to hide?
Tell me! what thou hast learned my quiet bird,
What from the earth, or sea, or sky thou'st heard?

Has earth reveal'd to thee, her hidden woes,
From 'neath her spangled veil?
And shown to thee, those keen and bitter throes
"That turn the good man pale"?
Or wast thou nestled, on the grave's tomb stone,
Where thou did'st learn from man, thy pitious moan?

Or did old Ocean stay, its sullen sound?
Roll up its mighty waves?
To show, that no bright spot was ever found,
In her deep watery graves:
Or wast thou frightened, at her chaos bed
That showed the bones, of many thousands dead?

But stay thee yet:—tell of the azure sky!
Where thou hast lav'd thy wing,
In pearly dews, in seas of richest dye;
Didst thou hear angels sing?
Didst thou reach Heaven so near, my quiet dove
To hear them sing one song—of perfect love?

Then sing to us, of the Elysian plains,
Tell us of something fair!
If thou didst catch, the soft celestial strains,
Give us, the Heavenly air!
O bear our spirits, from this gloomy earth!
And take us, where such heav'nly sounds have birth.

Mississippi, June, 1841.

WERE I A BARD.

I have been full oft
The chase of fortune; now she hath o'ertaken
My spirit where it cannot turn at bay,—
Sick, poor, and lonely.—Byron.

Were I an honor'd one, a titled bard,
Perchance like Byron, I would write a tale;
For genius brightens, where it meets reward,
It lights no torch, within a lowly vale;
There its deep sighs, are borne upon the gale,
And wafted, to some sweet Elysian bower,
Where it can rest, nor feel the sharp assail,
Of the keen satyrist, or critic's power,
But gather fragrant sweets from every bud and flower.

A thousand phantoms, fright the timid muse,
The muse, that o'er the humble wight presides;
The path to honor, he would gladly choose,
But ah! that bitter scorn, which oft derides,
The humble poor, whom ev'ry ill betides;
Appalls;—and then the vivid mind gives way,
Till a bright thought, into the bosom glides,
In search of some new light, some hidden ray,
To burst the gloom of night, and give that mind clear day.

O the ingenious projects of the mind!
Whose thoughts, trace every winding avenue,
Some secret charm, or hidden good to find,
A path to honor, that it might pursue;

But is there aught, to give the mind a clue?
Fortune has baffled, ev'ry glorious scheme,
And what presents, to the desponding view?
But blasted prospects, or an idle dream,
Adversity! thy clouds, hath darken'd my sad theme,

And cramped the mind, in an iron case,
The rust of which, wants soothing, limpid oil,
For their rich images all die, or waste;
Despondent feelings stop all pleasing toil.
O poverty! thou dost fair visions spoil,
And bind with fetters, the ingenious soul,
And ev'ry plan, thou canst completely foil.
This truth, this simple truth, has oft been told,
But those feel not its weight, whose coffers clink with gold.

Wealth ne'er can comprehend this hard learn'd truth,
I would, it could be told, in burning words,
Perchance they might admit, the fact, forsooth,
Nor think that Bards, could live as wand'ring birds,
Or as the straying flock, that idly herds,
In shelters rude;—Experience only knows,
If our best efforts, always meet rewards.
The tornadoes pass, when the flowret blows,
And heavy clouds hang o'er the sun, that in splendor rose.

POVERTY.

Avaunt! thou meagre, ghostly wretch!
Thou cruel, frowning, starved elf!

Darest thou a high born soul to teach,
Ah! thou art truly death itself!
Thy with'ring grasp, cramps the aspiring thought,
And thy cold aspect, is with misery fraught.

Yet we will give thee all thy due,
Although thou art, a tiresome school,
Thy lessons hard;—but O! how true!
To shew the wise man, or the fool;—
Freed from the mask, which glitt'ring fortune wears,
And the vain sycophant's dissembling airs.

And in those lessons, we too learn,
That *friendship's* like the *zephyr's sigh;*
Altho' thou teachest with rigour stern,
Thou provest too, that *love* can *die;*
Yes, Poverty! thou showest plain, stubborn truths!
Then why thy rueful visage, so much abuse?

Because thou givest mental pain,
And woundest the feelings of the soul;
We urge thee to depart in vain,
Still thy rude aspect, we behold;
Thou wantest etiquette;—stern poverty;
Thus to intrude, where none are wanting thee.

Had I been fortune's favorite heir,
I'd prove the world, ere I'd talk of love;
A rude disguise, myself I'd wear,
And o'er the wide creation rove;
Till *once* I found, a *noble* soul in *man*,
Who could, through any garb, true merit scan.

A FRAGMENT.

I never had a pretty flow'r,
Which grew upon a fav'rite mound;
But some rude blast, some chilling show'r,
Snapp'd its pedestal to the ground.

I never had, a fav'rite tree,
Where I would carve, the name I love;
But ruin mark'd its destiny;
Or I was doom'd from it to rove.

I never had, a valu'd pet,
A purring cat, or singing bird;
But would, my tenderness forget,
And oft my feelings, disregard.

Nor, did I ever have a *friend*,
Whose delicate, and tender *love*,
Was like the ring,—without an end,
Or affection's simile;—The *dove*.

WILD FLOWERS.

Give me the sweet wild flowers, I love them the best,
Uncultur'd, unnotic'd, in their own rural dress;
If they grow on a heath, 'midst the thorn and the brier,
Ah! 'tis such that I wish, 'tis such I admire.

Bring the pale desert rose! whose fragrance was given,
To the winds, that blow over some wild barren waste;
Which was nurtur'd by none, save the kind hand of heav'n,
O! in my own bosom, such flowers I'll place.

And why, thou mayest ask, do I love the wild rose,
It blooms not so fresh, so luxuriant or bright;
Ah! that cannot be told:—for the heart only knows,
Its own warm emotions, and its own pure delight.

FRIENDSHIP.

"She looked in her heart and wrote."—SYDNEY.

Friendship! sweet name! comes o'er my wearied ear,
As an echo, that is heard afar;
Which fainter grows, when we approach it near,
And ere 'tis reach'd;—'tis lost in air.

Friendship! tell me where thou dost dwell!
Can aught, save gold, win thy esteem?
What once I thought thee, my fond heart can tell,
In gone-by days, in life's young dream.

O! thou didst seem, a cherish'd, holy thing,
Fraught, with benevolence, and love;
Thy charm, did o'er my heart, an ardour fling,
That caught its rapture from above.

The warm heart, then, alone demanded thee;
The world, had not its blights imparted,

Thou, then didst come, unsought for, kind and free,
Thy off'rings my full heart requited.

Since the cold world, has blasted my fond hopes,
And the sun is setting o'er my head;
At this twilight hour, when the heart seeks props,
'Tis now that Friendship's from me fled.

Should fortune change, and lavish gifts on me,
Twining wreaths of fame around my brow;
Would friendship court me, or would friendship flee?
Methinks I'd win the *obsequious bow.*

But fortune's gifts would not enhance my worth,
Or give one charm to my mental powers;
Unless, perchance, its means give talents birth,
As embryo buds expand to full-blown flowers.

OVERFLOWING OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
MARCH, 1842.

Why dash thy furious waves in wild turmoil?
Lashing the shores and bearing off the soil:
What means this fury, thou lumb'ring piles of drift?
Chasing each predecessor; confused and swift;
So recently thy current smoothly ran,
But now, a fearful change has o'er thee gone;
A furious madness seems to mark thy course,
Thy angry ripples, gurgling loud and hoarse;
And thou, like a courser lash'd on every side,

Thy white foam spouting from thy nostrils wide;
What demon is behind thee? what fearful thing?
Has every snow bank melted?—brook and spring
Pour'd their last drop into thy muddy tide?
To make thee overflow from side to side?
Stay thy fury! thy hoarse and rushing sound
Appals each hearer, with an awe profound;
Climb not so rapidly, thy rugged way!
Nor carry off such piles of crumbling clay!
Hark! hear that mighty crash! what means the sound?
'Tis echo's voice raverberating round;
Telling of thy destructive, furious powr;
What thou canst make, or spoil, in one short hour;
Thou canst, bold *river!* with one rushing sweep,
Plunge acres into thy broad, turbid deep;
And limpid lakes are form'd at thy command,
Where stood the tallest trees, on firmest land;
Subdue thyself!—draw back thy raging tide!
Before thou overflow'st from side to side.

GLORY NOT.

"For who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive? Now if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory, as if thou hadst not received it?—II CORINTH. 4 ch. 7 v.

Art thou a gifted, highly honor'd one?
Did genius breathe upon thy natal star?
And weave a crown, bright as the orient sun,

To bind the tresses, on thy brow so fair?
Yet what hast thou, that thou didst not receive?
O! glory not. Could'st thou *such* talents give?

Is thy bright form, from beauty's model wrought?
With sweet medona features, soft and fair?
Thy soul endow'd with rich, capacious thought?
So that no creature could with thee compare:
Yet glory not! these beauties all must die;
They vanish as a dream, or bosom's sigh.

Has fame a wreath to fit thy sunny brow?
That throws a halo round thy devious way;
The honor'd head, e're long, must lowly bow,
And yield to death's unconquerable sway;
Then glory not! since nought we have is ours;
All—all must wither, as the vernal flowers.

Or love, does it anticipate each wish?
Or sympathy stand ready to relieve?
Art thou capacitated, for all bliss?
Still glory not! these things may all deceive;
Friendship and love and wealth may flee away,
And leave thee, a night, without one ling'ring ray.

There is a rest, where friendship never dies,
Where love glows brighter, as it longer burns;
A glorious home—beyond the deep blue skies;
Where every generous thought meets warm returns.
There thou mayest glory in immortal joys,
In friendship pure, that never, never cloys.

STORM AT NATCHEZ.

MAY, 1840.

"War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire;
Intestine broils, oppression with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, beseige mankind."—YOUNG.

Awake my muse! midst scenes so full of grief,
Though weak and powerless, to bring relief,
And come with every feeling kind and warm,
To mourn the miseries of this fearful storm:
Sleep muse!—to paint the scene is not for thee,
Tho' fraught with pathos and with sympathy.
Sleep muse!—nor chant thy mournful melodies;
'Twere mockery to such lasting miseries!
Nor dare presume to *scan* that power divine,
Who holds the clouds, and rides upon the wind.
Nor dare one murmur! or one impious word,
When dust to dust is level'd by his sword.
Ah! mournful city! where once the cheerful clang
Of active business o'er thy pavements rang.
Oh! mournful city! once convivial glee
Ran through thy domes, so blithe and merrily:
Yes—doom'd Natchez! how altered is thy state,
How changed those homes where science proudly sate.
Where have they fled! how have they disappear'd,
Models of taste, by th' ingenious artist rear'd,
All crushed by one disastrous, deadly blast,
And left as a lone, dilapidated waste.

Oh! Natchez! we mourn thy recent, hapless doom,
And sing a requiem o'er thy faded tomb;
We deprecate with tears ,our common fate,
And in thy sorrows warmly participate:
We'd humbly bow, in sac-cloth meek and low,
To *Him* who dealt this sad, disastrous blow:
Own our impotence;—like the 'phem'ral flower,
That blooms at morn, and withers in an hour.
O! we would *scan* man's mighty power and strength,
Circumference,—diameter,—and length;
Compute it! measure it! and tell us all
That keeps man hourly from the last dread fall.
Point to that mourning city! then ask his power!
At that momentous, appalling, fearful hour,
When tallest buildings tremble to their base,
And death-like paleness crept o'er every face;
Ask then whose arm could stay the whirlwind's blast,
And seize the vivid lightning as it pass'd?
Could hold those pillars, once so firm and strong,
Which were like straws around the pavements flung!
Ah! those pale, mangled forms, breathless and cold,
Could the sad history of man's strength unfold.

ON THE FALLING OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

"Thou rulest the raging of the sea, when the waves thereof arise.—Thou stillest them."—PSALM 89, v. 9.

Thou rulest the tide of this proud stream,
Source of unlimited power;

Thou commandest a pause, and the waves seem
Obediently to cower.

Like a wild courser, furiously enraged,
The bold stream rush'd and tumbl'd on;
A war with rafts and boats it waged,
The borrow'd weapons now are gone.

The piles of drift, the large, uprooted tree,
The angry, gurgling, rapid flow,
Are gone—a dull and sluggish source we see,
Sullen, subdued, and slow.

Thy steps retrace! go back the rugged way!
Which in thy fury thou didst take,
As thou didst rise, lashing with every spray,
The rough, uneven banks that break,

And tumbling headlong in thy muddy deep,
With solemn sound, and awful splash;
Large houses thou wouldst take with one broad sweep
And one tremendous, thund'ring crash.

Go back! impetuous tide, nor farther come!
Thy most daring swell is over;
Thou who didst revel in each victim's doom,
With loud roar, or angry murmur.

Calm thy bold self! thou hast no longer strength,
To mount with speed the craggy steep;
The swiftness was not thine! go boast thy length!
Exult! *proud thing*, in thine own *deep*.

AH! NO, 'TIS NOT.

Ah! no, 'tis not the *midnight's* dreamy hour,
That the bitterest thoughts arise,
'Tis at the dawn of day, when grief has power
To breath its deepest, deadliest sighs.

Ask the bereav'd one if the midnight gloom,
Deepens one shadow o'er the heart;
Oh, no! 'tis vernal morn, when beauties bloom,
That sorrow will its stings impart.

Ask the pale debauchee, if midnight wakes
Remorse, the keenest, in his soul?
Methinks he'll say,—'tis when the morning breaks,
The knell of conscience strikes the toll.

Then why is midnight deem'd the spirit hour,
When horrors crowd in thick array?
To seize each victim, by some wizzard power,
And bind him till the break of day.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

Thou little buzzing humming bird,
Thy bill seeks every flower;
And labour meets, its rich reward,
From the honey-suckle bower.

Gay, tiny thing, like the zephyr's breeze,
Lightly thou touchest the wild rose;
Then darting far, amidst the trees,
Where the sweet bud proudly grows.

Go bird! go kiss the tulip's lip,
Then taste the lovely violet;
And from the pink, sweet nectar sip,
The jasamin do not forget.

It has a charm surpassing all
Of flora's beauties of the earth;
That charm can never with me pall,
Her choice it was—who gave me birth.

Of all the vines that deck'd her walk,
She loved the jasamin the most;
And with its blooms her mind would talk,
Till feelings were in rapture lost.

Humming bird! light on that flower,
And taste the honey from its cup;
Methinks thou'lt get from that sweet bow'r,
The richest nectar thou canst sup.

Rest there, it will not satiate,
Its odor, like intrinsic worth,
Will last, e'en after cruel fate,
Has pluck'd it from its parent earth.

THE SPIRIT LAND.

No one e'er returns from the spirit land,
To reveal the dark secrets of fate;
No, not one soul, from that numerous band,
Who has enter'd death's strongiron gate.

Why thus secure, are the portals of death?
That no trav'ler retraces his way,
To speak of the form, bereft of its breath,
Or the spirit, when freed from its clay.

Can forgetfulness reign, in the spirit land,
Think they not, of the loved ones behind?
Methinks could the heart, with rapture expand,
'Twould 'round those loved *ones* be entwin'd.

And will it thus be? when I too shall die?
Shall I know nought of friends whom I leave?
When their bosoms are pain'd by the deep sigh,
Shall I not be permitted to grieve?

THE SPIRIT DOVE.

DEDICATED TO MRS. F***.

Bring me news! spirit Dove! from the city of rest,
For my heart has grown weary with cares;

Bring me news! spirit Dove! from the home of the blest,
The place unacquainted with tears.

Thy visits below are to soothe, spirit Dove!
To bind up the deep wounds that bleed;
For what is thy name? or thy nature? but love!
Bring the balm! bring the balm! that I need.

A message! sweet dove! from the friends of my heart;
I've told thee my spirits were low,
Bid them whisper thee something, ere thou depart,
Then haste, spirit Dove!—be not slow!

Impatience has seized me, I cannot not now stay,
Lend thy wing! spirit Dove! lend thy wing!
I'd fly to my friends, and join in the lay,
That the angels in ecstacy sing.

Teach the strain! spirit Dove! teach me the strain!
As thou bear'st me above the blue sky;
Quick! quick! spirit Dove! for my energies wane,
Breathe the life that never can die.

NASHVILLE, June 20th, 1843.

TO THE STARS.

Tell me, thou beauteous canopy of night!
How thou art studded with such gems of light!
A thousand silvery stars thy darkness cov'ring;
And rays of liquid light seem o'er us hov'ring.

O! would some voice solve the long hidden story!
Tell how they shine! reveal their secret glory!
And shew that wonder-working power Divine
Which planted them!—and bid their beauties shine!

Bright glittering stars! thou shamest this poor earth;
Shewing glories of incalculable worth;
Shining thy praises, to that power supreme,
Whose wisdom glows in one perpetual beam.
Thou twinkling stars! dart one instructive ray
Through this dull mass of morbid, opake clay!
Which shrouds the heart, and stills the silent throes,
That, like some hidden treasure, faintly glows.
Canst thou not, by some bright and magic charm;
The anxious bosom of its cares disarm?
Disperse the gloom! which would the soul enshroud,
Gath'ring o'er the head like an impending cloud.
And bid those cares—those heavy, with'ring cares,
That dim the eye with floods of burning tears,
Be chased away!—by thy soft silvery rays,
And cheer the heart with dreams of brighter days.

DAYS OF MY EARLY CHILDHOOD.

Days of my early childhood! like happy dreams,
That flit across the heart in hours of sadness,
To cheer the lone one, as bright and sunny beams,
Give to the wither'd flowers new life and gladness.

Dreams of those youthful days! O, blissful visions!
Thou comest to gild the present twilight hours;
Thou seem'st to memory like some bright elysian,
Adorn'd with variegated, lovely flow'rs.

Visions of early days! gay retrospections!
Thou whilest away the melancholy hours;
The heart is sweetly touch'd with recollections,
Even of a fav'rite tree, or shady bowers.

Why hast not memory fail'd, or fancy flown?
When time has touch'd each feature of the face?
And why has not the mind, caught the dull *tone?*
As well as ev'ry soft, exterior grace.

Strange mind! thou art a fathomless abyss!
Who knows thy length? thy breadth? or curious texture?
Susceptible of wo! or alive to bliss!
Emotions rous'd—e'en by a simple picture!

CAN SWEET POETIC, ETC.

Can sweet poetic stanzas flow
Far from the Muse's seat;
Can lovely flowers in deserts grow?
(The wild rose sure is sweet!)

Then let the wild, untutor'd bard,
Just touch her wood-note lyre;

She claims no honors, or reward,
Nor boasts a Poet's fire.

Yet still she loves the rural shades,
The lucid, sylvan streams;
The pearly brooks, the silent glades,
The Poet's pleasing dreams.

And when the world gives mental pain,
To the "Wood-Notes" she retires;
There in her native, simple strain,
Sings as her muse inspires.

THE OWL.

There is something plaintive, in thy midnight wail,
Poor forest bird!
As thy too-hoo! hoo hoo's borne upon the gale,
And nearer heard.

Here, dwelling in a lone, sequestered spot,
Remote from friends;
Of native vines I've built a sylvan grot,
'Mid rural scenes.

When all are still, save this sad sighing heart,
Who sits alone;
Watching the twinkling stars, as down they dart,
I hear thy moan.

Thou seem'st from that old sloping, shady tree,
To bay the moon!
Or comest thou to mock my night's soliloquy?
Thou saucy loon?

Well,—wail away! thy hoo-hoo—hoo-hoo—song,
Befits me well;
No other notes, should to this place belong,
Where hermits dwell.

JUNE.

O! the bright sunny month of June!
When the leaves are thick and glossy,
And the birds sing many a tune,
Round the trunks, so green and mossy.

Ah! sweet, and balmy, month of June,
Now the flowers, are rich with odor;
Now the butterflies at noon,
Sip the honey-dew together.

Rich and glorious, month of June,
The fields are all clothed with verdure;
And the gardens, promise soon,
To yield us their sweet ripen'd treasure.

O! the dreamy month of June!
It suits the Poet's wild musing;
And at night, the stilly moon,
Keeps the restless eye from dozing.

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

Thou strange, retiring, lonely, bird,
Why dost thou love the sable night?
In deepest shades, thy notes are heard,
And morn, but witnesses thy flight.

When day has clos'd with ev'ry care,
And all the busy world is still;
When night's fair orb, shines bright and clear,
'Tis then we hear, poor Whip-poor-will.

Why dost thou not, in sunny rays,
Like other birds, delight to dwell?
Why are thy plaintive, mournful lays,
'Lone, for the gloom of night to tell?

Poor bird! I love thee yet the more,
A sadness steals around thy songs,
Thou shun'st, the inhospitable door,
And chant'st at night, thy piteous wrongs.

Ah! has the mournful truth been told?
That friendship, dwells not here below;
Dost thou, in cruel man, behold,
Thy stern and unrelenting foe.

But then a charm is in thy song,
A recollection sad, tho' sweetest,
Mem'ry recalls the scenes long gone,
As thou, the "Whip-poor-will" repeatest.

Then sing! poor bird, sing! "Whip-poor-will,"
Thy note charms one, so strangely sad;
E'en if thy song, mine eyes doth fill,
There's something still, that makes me glad.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

Roll on mighty River! nor can thy dark waves,
Count the millions who lie, in thy fathomless bed;
The noble, the ignoble, in thee find their graves,
And strew'd o'er thy bottom, are bones of the dead.

Roll on mighty River! nor can the warm tears,
That flow from the dim eyes, and mingle with thee;
Count o'er the sad hours of life's anxious cares;
That fortune's reverses, have doom'd us to see.

"Alone on thy banks," as the boats pass along,
We dream o'er the friends that are far—far away,
While the bugle's shrill note, or the boatsman's rude song,
Is borne o'er thy waves, like a minstrel's wild lay.

Ah! why are we doom'd in a valley to live?
Where beasts of the forest, and wild men abide;
When for friendship, and love, we incessantly grieve?
And murmur, that fortune, our sorrows deride.

Are we like the natives, that wandering mass,
Who stray in thy bottom, or paddle thy stream?

If nature had mark'd us, for that daring class,
Would friendship, and love, be the motto? the theme?

But friendship, and love, in its purity dwells,
Where the mind will revert, with a calm delight;
And tho' in a prison, the soul often feels
Like bursting the chain, that confines it to night.

COLD WINTER'S COMING.

O! let me talk with spring's sweet birds and flowers; with winter's snows and storms, or e'en the thunder's deaf'ning roar;—They'll kindly speak to me.

The beautiful foliage, has lost its green,
And a sear-coat, o'er the forest is seen,
Cold winter is coming, I ween, I ween,
With his piercing breath;
And his icicles sharp, will be felt so keen,
Like arrows of death.

Mild autumn's receding! the falling leaves,
Tells a tale on the last shivering breeze;
Fly! Redbreast fly! to the south or thou'lt freeze,
When winter is come;
There will not a leaf be left on the trees,
To make thee a home.

RED BREAST.

"Pe-whee!—pe-whee! but the cold winter's winds,
"Never mars our peace, or freezes our shins,

"We hop and we skip, when the storm begins,
"So happy and free:
"'Tis he who partakes, of old Adam's sins,
"That must flee! must flee!"

LADY.

He comes with a gloom on his surly brow,
And bows ev'ry beautiful blossom low,
By-and-by he'll scatter the hail and snow,
With furious blast:
And teach ev'ry bare little foot to know,
How to go in haste.

SNOW BIRD.

"O Lady! my feet are entirely bare,
"But Lady! the snow-drifts I never fear,
"I delight in this stormy time of the year,
"To scratch in the snow;
"But Lady! kind lady! why falls the tear?
"Canst thou, sorrow know?"

LADY.

Sorrow, my Bird! grows indigenous here,
And draws from the eye, the burning tear,
But thy little heart, has nothing to fear,
From the cold, or heat;
No season to thee, is gloomy or drear,
On thy varied seat.

And thou little stranger! come tell me thy name,
I'll pet thee gay thing, and make thee so tame,

The sportsman may wound thee, in quest of game,
With his deadly gun;
O truly! O truly! 'twould be a great shame,
To disturb thy fun.

WINTER-KING.

"I'm Winter-King, lady; perpet'al snow,
"Nor the winds, which over the Andes blow,
"Never make my hard little nostrils glow,
"With a deeper red;
"When I soar aloft, to the mountain's brow,
As an arrow sped.

"But my lady! why is thy face so pale?
"And why do the tear-drops, thin eye-lids veil?
"Fear'st thou, the south-wind's blustering gale?
"It comes—'way I fly,—
"Old Boreas now, has hoisted his sail,
"Aloft, in the sky.

LADY.

No my kind little friend, I fear no storm,
To the sorrowing heart, they cause no alarm,
Their grandeur sublime, the bosom can charm,
And exalt the mind;
Unless by permission, they do us no harm,
Their Maker is kind.

Thou hast come, cold winter, we feel thy sting,
Thy wand, has touched, every living thing,
The earth cannot thaw, till the smiling spring,

Breathes her influence round:
Then my pretty birds, thou wilt gaily sing
When violets, deck the ground.

But winter! thou hast thy comforts in store,
If we build the fire, and bar up the door,
Yet why? art stern, to the naked and poor,
With thy shiv'ring storm:
While so oft thy dread, and thundering roar,
Brings a dire alarm.

VANITY.

"Man, proud man,
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As makes the angels weep."

What is thy origin? of what art thou composed?
Thou strange emotion!
By whom was thy weak nature first disclosed?
How long, in fashion?

Or what sustains thee? 'midst such dissolutions
Of far better things!
Or how darest thou to make thy bold intrusions?
With Pleb'ans and Kings.

How dost thou live? come tell us, thy reflections?
Thy home, and nature?
Takest thou thy lessons from the Ape's devotions?
Thou'rt like the creature.

Come! speak thee out, and tell us what thou art?
Thou look'st defiance!
Thy pompous air!—can it sustain thy part?
Speak, thy reliance!

Is it in gloomy sepulchres, amidst the dead,
Thou learnest airs?
In war—in famine?—or from the dying bed
Of fallen stars?

Sure, if that casket, so much prized by thee,
Must turn to dust,
The bitter thought, would wound the vanity
Of that proud bust.

That high toned step—that scornful air,
That fashionable cut;
Thy curl'd mustachios, and thy polish'd hair,
In smooth order set.

Come vanity! come hand-in-hand with me,
See, thy brother worm!
I'll lead thee, to a sad reality;
It can do no harm.

I'll show thee pale disease, with its blanching pow'r!
Ah! sad sight indeed!
The mourning house, where dark misfortunes lower,—
The poor orphan's weed.

O! stop not here! go on to beauty's grave!
Move the coffin's lid!

Why start ye back?—what is it thou wouldst have?
Is the beauty hid?

See'st thou the same bright eye—the rosy face?
In a dreamy sleep?
Wake up the creature, to thy fond embrace,
Ah! now at it peep!

Startle!—Oh! a dread mass of bones and earth!
Winding sheet, and shroud;—
Here is thy mother—the author of thy birth—
She speaks;—indeed, aloud!

Yes! thou art mine! and like me thou shalt be,
Thou shallow creature;
Aye, these shall feed upon thee, vanity,
And spoil each feature.

THE WIND.

Why tremble ye! green trees,
As tho' some spirit murmer'd in your boughs?
Telling of blighted hopes, and broken vows;
Or is it the sweet breeze,

That softly blows around?
While leaf and bud seem fluttering with glee,
Waving their boughs to the low melody
Of the mysterious sound?

Strange! wind, tho' never seen!
Yet felt---thine influence, ever and anon,
A moment here and there, and then thou'rt gone,
In soft or shriller pæan.

O! we would hold thee fast,
As thou art booming o'er the turbid deep,
Or as thou dost in the tornado sweep;
But viewless thou hast past!

So versatile indeed,
Fearful, and daring, in the tempest blast,
Disturbing seas,—or laying cities waste,
With an unbridal'd speed.

Thou ridest upon the cloud!
And sportest with darkness, storms and hail,
And nature stands aghast, with visage pale,
While thou'rt roaring loud.

Thou comest then so mild,
Kissing the cheek of the young maiden fair,
Or, stirring the soft ringlets of her hair,
Thou seem'st a very child.

Who reads thee? mystic wind!
But He, who bids thee sway thy wizzard spell?
O'er earth, and sea, and sky, thy breezes swell,
Vail'd—nor by man e'er seen.

Unknown to us,—O breeze!
We leave thee to thy strange and flitting way,
Greeting thy smile, or owning thy dread sway.
O'er the broad land and seas.

LITTLE GIRL AND SPARROW.

My sparrow! what makes thee so merrily go?
Do not the snow-flakes that around thee blow,
Sting thy little nose, and bite thy little toe?
That makes thee hop all around?
"The cold, my young lady, never bites my toe,
"It was made to scratch in the virgin snow,
"But I'm in a great hurry—'way I must go!
"Whe! whe! to pick on the ground."

How canst thou get food, when the snow covers all?
How canst thou keep warm, when fast it does fall?
Hide now! little bird, before that dark squall,
Blow feathers from thy pretty breast.
"Whe! whe! I'm too small for the storm to touch,
"The blustering winds ne'er can ruffle me much,
"While it storms I could sit upon that old beach,
"Whe! whe! and sing me to rest."

Hast thou nothing to fear? my tiny sweet bird!
Thou art very small, for big things to regard,
Little merit can't always meet with reward,
And tiny thou art, to be sure;
"The God who made you, created me too,
"Where a sparrow doth fall, *His* eye will pursue;
"Whe! whe! He has said it, and his words are true,
"Whe! whe! He regards the poor."

MAGNOLIA TREE.

Those who have visited Louisiana have, doubtless, observed the long, dark moss hanging from the branches of the trees; and perhaps there is no one tree that excites more interest than the Magnolia.

Why wearest thou a sable robe, fair tree?
That darkly waves beneath each spreading bow;
Thou evergreen, thou sweet Magnolia,
Why dare this moss, 'mid thy rich blossoms grow?

And why did nature shade thy satin leaf,
With a dark veil, that gloomy vaults should wear?
While winds around, seem but to sigh of grief,
And associations grave, calls forth a tear.

Thy rich white blossoms, scent the southern air,
And clust'ring branches, beautify the scene;
No foliage can, with thy thick boughs compare,
Graceful Magnolia! the South's fair Evergreen.

But this dark moss, that waves with ev'ry breeze,
Tell us! O tell us! why it makes one sad?
So mournfully it hangs, 'neath the tall trees,
It seems to say, the heart must not be glad.

Means it to whisper, tremulous and low,
A lesson to the vain, and thoughtless fair?
That, tho' a diadem may deck the brow,
'Tis not exempt from sorrow, pain, and care?

Louisiana, March, 1841.

STANGER, FORGIVE.

TO H——K,—ON A STEAM-BOAT, MARCH, 1841.

> Love ye, therefore, the stranger: for ye
> Were all strangers in the land of Egypt.
> DEUTERONOMY, 10 c. 19 v.

Stranger! forgive the faltering poet's pride,
Amidst this noisy scene, to raise her voice,
This showy Steam-Boat, nor the lashing tide,
Stays not the Muses, from their daring choice.

We mark'd thee, as the puffing Boat moved on,
Surrounded by a group of various faces,
And we did note, that o'er thy features shone,
A dignity,—a charm,—found with the graces.

And what is it, that 'wakes the human heart?
That stirs emotions, strange and undefin'd?
When e'er we see a being set apart,—
Removed! exalted! from the common mind.

Is it a foretaste of those joys above?
Where interchange of thought and feelings meet?
Is it a preface to that heavenly love,
That flows with rapture, at the Saviour's feet?

'Twill not be *stranger* in a world of bliss,
Friendship will there supplant the frozen word;
No stranger dwells in that pure land of peace,
Where hearts are bound by one eternal chord.

EARLY DAYS.

How clearly, now, can memory review,
Those pleasant scenes that time has long swept by;
And the tenacious mind is ever true,
To retrace the steps of youth, and infancy.

To throw off the layers of grief and pain,
Which time's rude hand, has roughly laid;
To travel o'er the path to school again,
And cross the babbling brooks, that urchins wade.

It gives to one, infantile, heart-felt joy,
As memory reviews the fair-hair'd girls,
Who sported with us, for the glitt'ring toy,
With dimpled face, and sunny auburn curls.

And then the wild, mischievous, romping boy,
Whose flaxen locks were scatter'd by the breeze;
With face of mirth, that nothing could destroy,
Swinging, here and there, on branches of the trees.

Ah! musingly, we can each play-house greet,
Where baby dolls, and tiny dinners were,
Where happy faces did, with rapture meet,
Tugging along with little feet quite bare.

And when those mirthful, childish days were flown,
How plain indeed, can the memory see,
After we were men and women grown,
The bower, the grove, the favorite tree.

When the young spirit, was so blithe and free
From sorrow;—at the rural sweet repast;
When every heart, with joy beat merrily,
And every hour seemed gayer than the last.

Peace overflows our sparkling golden cups,
Hope dances on so merrily before;
Mirth, in our bonny halcyon banquet sups,
And pleasure, ever joyous, keeps the door.

Ah! sportive days! truly thou art gone!
Where the rose was pull'd, without the thorn;
Experience now has taught,
The world has nought,
Has nought,—to give,
But much to grieve,
Substantial and pure,
And much to endure.
Youth!—age looks on thee,
And feels a sympathy.

And could we teach, by precepts wise,
What we have learn'd, with tears and sighs;
We'd have thee surely shun
The rocks we've wreck'd upon.
Ah! youth!
Stern truth,
And lectures grave,
Thou wilt not have!
Thou deem'st not, that age can show,
How the veering world will go;

"That friendship's but a name,"
Or that wealth, and fame,
Can leave thee in disgrace,
Without one hiding place;
That beauty's cheek will fade,
That grandeur and parade,
Give cause to sigh;
Wilt thou *only* go, the way we've trod?
Learning wisdom, by the chast'ning rod,
From God on high?

OUR WANDERINGS.

The mind grows sick, with grov'ling earthly toys,
And burns with ardour for some purer joys;
It tow'rs aloft, it sinks, then soars again,
It glows with ecstacy, or writhes in pain;
Versatile, and strange!—contending with our fate!
Faint and diminutive!—or, sublime and great
Alternately we are!—nor solv'd,—nor known;—
Whence we come—or travelling to what bourn.

Here, are our sorrows, anxieties and cares,
And here, glows a sun, to dry desponding tears;
The mountain's height,—for an expanded wing,
Or valley low, where mourning doves may sing;
Strange mind art thou! to burst thy wall of clay,
And drink in knowledge with each darting ray,

That shines from God's effulgent throne of light,
Nor more be found, 'mid gloomy shades of night.

This life buoy, bears us to the loftiest height,
Thought plumes its wing, and takes an eagle's flight;
With mind exulting, tracks the starry way,
To brush our wing upon the sun-beam's ray;
But earth-born pinions, droop with heavy dew,
And down we're driven from the etherial blue,
Headlong tumbling, amidst thorns and briers,
Where every glorious thought, in gloom, expires.

A MOUND IN MISSISSIPPI,

FORMED BY THE INDIANS.

Thou ancient relic of a race unknown,
Whose bones have moulder'd, 'neath this mound so wild,
For centuries past,—till the tall trees have grown
O'er this strange monument, of the forest child.

Thou ancient mound,—thou lone, sequester'd spot!
With contemplative mind, I look o'er thee,
Rear'd by a people—long, long since forgot,
And left a memento of Antiquity.

My thoughts now throw the layers of earth aside,
Unlock the mystic vault, where silence reigns;
Where skeletons of men, that once in pride
Roam'd o'er the forest, monarch of the plains.

Here too, are emblems of the savage man,
Beside the giant bones, once nerv'd so strong,

The spear, the bow, the hatchet of that clan,
Whose hearts were merry with the wild war song.

Ages have pass'd, since this vast mound was made,
It braves e'en floods, and whirlwind's raging storms,
Old trunks of trees, by ruthless time are laid,
But no decay, this firm foundation harms.

Would some old chieftain, burst this pond'rous mound,
Reveal the secrets, of the ancient dead!
Tell us how long, he's slumber'd under ground,
Or where the last of his bold race has fled.

Adieu! adieu! till the last trump shall sound,
Then thou'lt surrender up thy sleeping dead;
The swarthy race, reposing 'neath this mound,
Will rise in wonder, from their ancient bed.

STEAM BOAT * * * * * * * * * * *

Gaily on ye glide,
Ye favorite Boat!
Smothly skim the tide,
As on ye float;
Ye carry Lords, and Ladies, of proud estate,
But one soul ye bear, outweighs all other freight.

'Round, above, below,
Dangers thick!—beware!
As on the deep ye go,
Shun snag and bar!

The freight of souls, weigh down ten thousand tons,
Then, see ye! how the stately vessel runs.

Mark thy speedy way!
Like a bird, tho' calm,
Ye cut the sparkling spray,
As if by charm;
May He, who rules the boisterous, turbid waves,
Keep all *ye* proudly bear, from watery graves.

LAMARTINE.

Opinions vary, and critics write of men,
But all that comes from De Lamartine's pen
Is full of beauty, sentiment, and charm,
And if one writer can, with pathos warm,
Touch the cold heart,—'tis he.

O! while ye read his own bright pages o'er,
So variegated and so rich their store,
Ye catch the ardour of his noble theme,
And enter into the sweet poet's dream,
With pure sublimity.

THE MOON.

Beautiful is thy pale beam!
Orb of the silent hours!

Astronomers gaze!—and dream
Thou art strew'd with flowers.

Like Eden's garden, Moon! art thou?
Where the flowers, did sweetest grow,
Around the polish'd jasper wall,
Ere our first parent's hapless fall?
Where the heavenly shades were sweet,
And angel bands did mortals greet;
Where God did walk,
And with Adam talk;
When their whole employ,
Was, with rapt'rous joy,
To cull the rich, the glowing flowers,
And nurse the sweet perfumed bowers;
To taste the ripe, delicious fruit,
And catch the strains of the æolean lute.

But Moon! tell us, what thou canst be!
For ages, thou hast rolled on:
It seems, almost, an eternity,
Since thy fair, silvery rays first shone;
Yet the same spangled, radiant light,
Thou pourest along the starry way;
Making so beautiful the night,
That we scarce e'er can wish for day;
Thou hast appear'd so long the same,
We only know thee, as the Moon;
Hast thy soft charms, no other name?
Curious minds, would know thee soon,

Could they but reach to thee,
And all thy myst'ries see.

Dost thou not tire? obedient thing!
In thy undeviating way;
Thou smil'st alike, on beggar and king,
And light'st the path where wand'rers stray;
But we hear nothing, from thy region;
Pray tell us, Moon! must we believe,
That thou art, the pure elysian?
Where none were ever known to grieve:
That thy interior, glows as bright,
As thy own beautiful fair form;
Thy lamps!—give they perpetual light?
That ne'er extinguishes, by hail or storm:
Do thy inhabitants have joy and rest?
With innocence, and perfect peace;
And are thy children supremely best?

This may be all, an idle dream,
And thou may'st shine, with borrow'd light,
Yet 'tis thine own soft ray, 'twould seem,
Thou lovely Fairy;—queen of night.

What e'er thou art,—thou hast a charm,
At twilight hour,—to gaze on thee;
Thy gliding shadows, pale and calm;
Thou hast a wizzard spell for me:

For I can gaze,
Upon thy rays,

With fancy's charm, before mine eyes;
And see a thousand beauties rise,
From thy mysterious orb,—fair queen!
Who wear'st that face of silv'ry sheen.

Good night to thee! thou tellest nought,
But yet thou art, with beauty fraught;
Good night, pale thing! thou hast gone down,
And I am wrapt, in gloom profound.

PLACE OF REST.

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
SHAKSPEARE.

Is there rest, for every weary one?
O! I am weary, and my soul would run,
With ecstacy and haste, to that sweet home,
Where angels roam.

For me no flow'rs spring up to cheer the eye,
There breathes for me, no sympathetic sigh,
Tell me! some spirit,—will I rest on high,
Where joys ne'er die?

O! come sweet ones! that were so dear to me,
While ye were steering o'er life's troubl'd sea;
Come, with an angel's heavenly sympathy!
With melody!

And breathe to me, one tone of peace and love,
Whisper me something, of thy home above,
Of a never withering, spicy grove,
Where cherubs rove.

Weary am I, of mist, and gloom, and cloud,
Of terrestrial cares, which so much enshroud,
The nobler thoughts, (of the numerous crowd)
In these low grounds.

Those signs of wo, where disappointments hang,
Those pointed thorns, to give the heart a pang;
Spirits! sweet spirits! breathe a heav'nly song,
In kindest tone.

The seraph strain, will raise the thoughts on high,
And stay perchance, the deep oppressive sigh,
And may be too, 'twill teach me how to die;
The balm apply!

O! let me dream, that my own little ones,
The cherubs, whom my heart so fondly mourns,
Whisper to me, in their own silv'ry tones,
Sweet symphonies.

Say, spirits dear! "Mama, the time will come,
"When ev'ry weary one will find a home,
"And none thou lovest, will from thee roam,
"Heaven has no gloom."

"We are thy guardian angels, dear mama,
"And oft in watching thee, we see the tear;

Full well we know thou art oppressed with care,
"Mama! do not fear.

"Ere long in white, thou'lt walk the golden street,
"O! then thou'lt see the pearl and jasper seat,
Where dear Laurena and I so often meet,
"With kindred sweet.

"And now, Mama! Laurena has bright wings,
Her little lisping tongue, divinely sings,
"And her crown outshines the crown of kings;
"Her glorious Pæans—

"Ring through the ambrosial, balmy air,
"And the sweetest notes are sent afar,
"From her golden lyre and soft guitar;
"Mama! dry the tear!"

LAURA'S GRAVE.

For peace is with the dead, and piety
Bringeth a patient hope to those who mourn
O'er the departed. SOUTHEY.

That mound so green!—ah! who can tell its worth?
Where my dear Laura's ashes moulder;
It seems to me, *that* consecrated earth
Should be veil'd to every rude beholder;
And that no eye should look on Laura's grave,
Save one, that beam'd with heavenly love;

Nor rude brier, should near my Laura wave,
But air, that angels breathe above,
Should gently stir the rose and eglantine,
The violet, and jasamine,
That on Laura's grave are seen.

She lov'd those flow'rs, that now bloom around
This lonely spot, where lies my treasure;
Where with each breeze, a mournful wailing sound,
Is borne along, in dirge-like measure;
For trees, and birds, and flowers should all weep,
That one so lov'd, did thus early die;
But nothing wakes my Laura from her sleep;
Willows waving, nor the mourner's sigh;
O! vines and blossoms! cluster 'round this bed!
And flow'rs, your sweet fragrance shed,
A tribute for the dead.

Rest! sainted one! tho' borne afar from thee,
And silence reigns around thy little tomb,
Yet angel watchers, which no eye can see,
Have taken thy quiet spirit home;
And those guardian angels keep the spot,
Until thy long, deep sleep is ended;
Yet not one look of thine will be forgot,
But all thy winning charms amended;
When the angel band awakes my Laura,
And bears her where there is no sorrow,
To joys that know no morrow.

LAURENA'S GRAVE.

My heart still mourns to think of thee,
And thy lone, little grave;
Where grows no flower or shady tree,
But wild weeds o'er thee wave.

No—not a flower adorns thy tomb,
For thou wast left alone;
Unless some little wild things bloom
Around my cherub one.

For thou art laid 'mid strangers, love!
And far is that lone spot;
Whilst I was doom'd from thee to rove,
To mourn a hapless lot.

Yet tho' no blooms bedeck thee, love!
Thou wast a precious flower,
But thou art gone to bloom above,
In some immortal bower.

MONODY ON R. R. A.

OR, AN APOSTROPHE TO DEATH.

No victim satiates thee,
Thou cruel spectre!
No bribe secures to us,
One kind protector,

From thy barbed sting,
Voracious thing.
Thou delightest in the heart's agony,
Reveling in all human misery,
Thou cruel death! thou wan creature!
That with one touch spoils every feature.

The cheeks may glow so redolent and fair,
The eye may sparkle, as the brightest star,
Inimitable grace may win each one,
And all exclaim that none e'er brighter shone,
When thou touch'st with thine icy hand,
How chang'd! how cold! how pale! how wan!
Thou'rt indeed the wormwood and gall,
Pour'd out in loathsome draughts to all;
A sly, insidious, barbarous foe,
O'er dearest ones thy winding sheet must go.

* * * * * * *

Here stillness reigns!—the tongue forgets to move,
That oft had breathed the tones of tenderest love;
The once bright eye!—the orbs now glazed o'er,
The hand of ice!—to grasp a friend's no more.

* * * * * * * * *

Could not two idols, from one bleeding heart,
Have satisfied thy more than cruel dart?
No! those that feel thy sharpest, keenest throes,
At such thou aim'st thy most malignant blows;
Successful archer! thou didst come too soon,
Ere the warm blood was staunch'd from thy last wound;

Unfeeling spectre! thou didst come too sly,
Nor give one warning that thy sting was nigh;
O! midnight murderer! conceal'd and dark!
Thou tak'st thine aim, true to thy chosen mark.
* * * * * * * * *
No one presentiment of thy deathly call,
Didst thou by dream or vision give;
That my morning flower, ere the night dew's fall,
Wast not to live;
Like the sweet rose, half open to the morn,
Was she, whom thou didst early blight,
The tender bud had not yet fully blown,
By thee cut down and wrapt in shades of night;
But cruel death, how little dost thou care!
For the deep, deep sigh, or the burning tear.
O! I would go, where death has never enter'd,
Where blighting storms, ne'er touch the heart,
Where happiness and rest are sweetly center'd,
Where friends ne'er part:
The weary soul's entranc'd, to dream of rest,
'Mid angel throngs:
To clasp lov'd ones to the maternal breast,
To hear immortal songs;
The song, that tells thy reign has ended,
That asks thee, Death! where is thy sting?
The place where hearts are purely blended,
Like sounds that vibrate from one string.

AMANDA'S BIRTH DAY—1840.

What would'st thou have me say? Amanda dear!
On this fair day, that's dawn'd on thy twelfth year,
Thy natal day, (sweet month!) when flow'rs appear,
The sixth of May:
While nature tunes her melodies to cheer,
And all is gay.

I'll tell thee of this month, twelve years ago,
When thou did enter first this world of wo,
To act thy part, where thorns and flowers both grow,
My pretty maid:
How thy bright eyes did like the di'mond glow,
In twilight shade.

And shall I tell thee how thy tiny form,
Was wrapt in Marino mantles warm,
Or how thy mother's breast did shield from harm
Her little one;
And clasp'd thee in her arms 'mid calm and storm,
Lulling thy moan.

And all along thy life's eventful way,
How oft thy mother's anxious heart doth pray,
That her "Amanda," like the opening day,
And radiant morn;
May ever, with the fairest, purest ray,
Her life adorn.

Tread cautiously, my child! the rugged road,
Some have, through life, to bear a heavy load,
'Tis not for all to walk where flow'rs are strow'd,
My own sweet girl!
Nor is each one, by fickle fortune woo'd,
To wear her pearl.

But seek thou the pearl of real worth, my child!
And win by virtue, Heav'n's approving smile;
Then the vain dross of earth, cannot beguile,
Thy spotless soul;
And while thou'rt trav'ling thro' a desert wild,
Thou'lt Heav'n behold.

DULL SORROW.

Dull sorrow wove a robe for me,
In a dark loom, of cares and fears;
The warp was spun by misery,
And all the filling died in tears.

Distress cut out this robe of wo,
And wrapt it all around my head;
It hid me quite from top to toe,
Trimm'd with a trailing fringe of dread.

I grop'd along in deep despair,
Till presently sweet hope I spied;

She threw the dismal robe afar,
And bid me all such things deride.

She breath'd upon my heart, and lo!
A little light was kindl'd there,
Her anchor loan'd, she told me go,
Nor e'er again yield to despair.

THE CRAZY ONE.

She sat on the ground,
In thoughts so profound,
With her eyes directed above;
Her dark auburn hair,
Disturb'd by the air,
She look'd the image of love.

I said to myself,
Can this fairy sylph,
Be a frail daughter of earth?
I heard a low sigh,
And saw the soft eye,
As it meekly gaz'd o'er the earth.

Her form seem'd so light,
And her cheek was so white,
So pensive the cast of her eye;
So graceful the air,
Of this lovely fair,
Methought she had dropp'd from the sky.

I ask'd one nigh,
If the sylph would fly?
If we were to venture too near;
"The maniac girl,
"Who roams o'er the world;
"Speak to her! thou'st nothing to fear!"

A maniac? no!
It cannot be so!
Could reason have flown from that dove?
"Her vows were plighted,
"Her joys are blighted,
"And now she is *dying of love.*"

SOME SPIRIT.

For I was made in joy's despite,
And meant for misery's slave.
CAMOENS.

Some spirit whisper, to my fainting heart,
The words of peace;
A cordial to my bleeding wounds impart,
My anguish cease.

Or bid me sleep, the sleep that waketh not,
And dream of love;
Consign me to some sad and gloomy spot,
Where mourns the dove.

Let no one point to the wild wand'rer's grave,
Plant nothing there!
In secret let the wild weeds o'er it wave,
But drop no tear!

WHAT ARE THE TOILS?

What are the toils and miseries of life?
They will pass as a feverish dream;
All anger, hatred, mischief and strife,
Which like the volcanic lava doth seem,
Will be quietly laid to rest.
What if the heart has receiv'd deep wounds?
That heart, ere 'tis long, will cease to beat;
Time ne'er pauses, and a few waning moons,
Shrouds the cold heart in the grave's winding sheet,
Perchance, too, to dwell with the blest.

Why should such scenes, as disturb the meek eye,
Where purest thoughts ne'er rest with delight,
Cause the deep gloom, and the heaviest sigh,
When a place of repose is bursting in sight?
O nature! 'tis thy murm'ring voice.
May the sweet spirit dove exert its own power,
That the heart may become acquiescent,
And He, who supports in each trying hour,
Give the grace that will be all-sufficient,
That in him we may e'er rejoice.

A TRIP FROM NEW ORLEANS TO LAKE PONCHARTRAIN, ON THE RAIL ROAD.

FEBRUARY 22, 1840.

Hark! hark! the signal bell!
The passengers are seated:
Quick as thought, moves every wheel,
Ere a word's repeated.

We pass all objects by,
Fleet as a met'or's blaze;
Nature's wonders we descry,
And on her beauties gaze.

Above, in festoons dark,
The moss hangs from each tree;
Ah! grand is Nature's work!
Far as the eye can see.

The Palmeto's broad, thick leaf,
Spreads a rich carpet o'er:
On we wheel!—scenes are brief!
The lake—the lake to explore!

No time for contemplation,
The vivid thoughts must fly;
Too quick for meditation,
Too gay for one deep sigh.

But oh! the deep, smooth lake!
Dark, as the calm blue sea;

Thou canst bright thoughts awake,
With dreams of *Deity*.

Yes, thou art now in view,
The car one moment stops;
The eye meets objects new,
As out each gay one hops.

O! the mind's delighted
With all these glowing things;
There's a Mobile Packet!
List!—now—a French boy sings.

Here sit the orange girls,
With apples, nuts, and cakes;
See the dark hair, in curls,
Sport 'round the sun-burnt cheeks.

Oh! we are infatuated,
Each heart is full of glee;
Not city bred,—nor satiated,
We're girls from Tennessee!

The roving thought digresses,
The car again comes back;
With dishevell'd robes and tresses,
We pass the coach and hack.

Until the city spires
Burst full upon the eye;
Our trip is o'er.—Poet's fires,
Extinguish, with a sigh!

MUSIC.

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."

Thou canst entrance the heart,
And chain the list'ning ear;
Thou canst pure bliss impart;—
Command a smile, or tear.

Music! thou breathest of love!
Or why a thrill so pure?
The strain comes from above,
To bid us grieve no more.

Thou art a thing divine!
Else why the 'raptur'd soul?
Bounds, that we can't define,
That language ne'er has told.

Music! Oh music! turn thou, to me!
My soul's dissolv'd in melody;
Music! Oh music! bear me afar!
On one æolian melting air;
'Twould prove to me, the winds had caught
The meaning of *my strange, wild thought.*

MARY'S WATERY GRAVE;

OR, APOSTROPHE TO THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

Many look on thy gurgling tide,
As if each ripple bore a gem;

And gaze in wonder,—by thy side,
Entranc'd, by some bright magic dream;
But I behold thy murmuring wave,
And think of Mary's watery grave.

No! not a turbid wave of thine,
Can cheer, or calm our sorrowing hearts;
Within thy deep, I seem to find,
Something for me, that grief imparts;
And if one in thy bosom lave,
I think of Mary's watery grave.

When e'er I gaze on thy broad stream,
Methinks I see the many dead,
Who ne'er awake from their long dream,
Nor stir, from thy cold cheerless bed;
The many, which no prayer could save,
From thy insat'ate, wat'ry grave.

True, thou bearest rich burdens off!
Peru, and Ophir's finest gold;
And Steam-Boats ride in pride aloft,
For lounging gazers to behold;
But whether pass, the knight or knave,
I still mourn Mary's watery grave.

Off a social band thou bear'st,
And gay convivial scenes ensue;
Why threaten'st thou? none there, that car'st,
They dare thy deep!—and, mirth pursue!
Tho' if I stoop to touch one wave,
I weep o'er Mary's watery grave.

Serene was that unclouded morn!
And nought had told me of despair;
The sun, in peerless beauty shone,
And hope, kind hope! supplanted care;
But on that day, thy gloomy wave,
Proved my poor Mary's watery grave.

A tragedy,—so deep indeed,
It gives to thee, a double gloom;
Oft thou dost cause, my heart to bleed
As on thy margin, sad I roam;
And view the dark and turbid wave,
For such was Mary's watery grave.

O! THE JOYFUL.

The following lines were suggested by seeing that part of the Mississippi Valley, where I then was, entirely inundated by the overflowing of the "Great King of water," and also by frequently seeing groups of young and happy creatures, on their pleasure excursions, gliding o'er the meadows, and winding around the forest trees, in their light Canoes.

O! the joyful pleasure scene!
Through the forest, dark and green,
The little skiff is off I ween,
To kiss the morning air.

Now they wind around the trees,
Taste the summer's cheering breeze,
Unconscious, each moment flees
Away from youthful charms.

See them, as they smoothly glide,
O'er the waters, far and wide,
Lads and lasses, side by side,
In harmony so sweet.

They raise aloft the starry sail,
To win the sweet refreshing gale,
Every songster of the vale,
Pours music on the ear.

O! the graceful Gondaliers,
With matchless skill, the vessel steers,
While blooming lasses free from cares,
Laugh as they smoothly glide.

Youth and innocence! how fair!
Nothing can with thee compare,
Of all dangers unaware,
In sweet security.

We see thee, with an aching heart,
Simple!—winning,—void of art!
Ere from childhood's dreams ye part,
Or sorrow touches thee.

Heaven guard thee from all ill!
For its blessings, meekly kneel!
That it may, each bosom fill,
With pure tranquility.

THE MANIAC GIRL.

Earth witnesses many a wo,
Her clime is such, that sorrows grow,
Round court, and cottage;
And why should we, those tales relate?
How fair'st flow'rs, meet the darkest fate;
From youth to dotage.

Eliza was an artless child,
A fair young thing, that knew no guile,
Sweet as the violet;
Nurtur'd with piety, and love,
And tender as the constant dove,
Her charms, can I forget?

Alonzo, with dissembling art,
Did seek, and win, this maiden's heart,
(Light and shadows meet;)
She, lovely, innocent, and mild,
His sordid soul was all defil'd,
Full of base deceit.

'Twas wealth, his selfish heart adored,
Its semblance brought him to her board,
Riches was his God:
He deem'd her father's coffers full,
And dream'd of servants, land and gold,
When he Eliza woo'd.

She lov'd him with a woman's love,
Which e'en death can scarce remove,
So ardent, so sincere;
She sought to win him to her heart,
By every sweet and playful art,
Hiding the anguish'd tear.

Virtue, was ne'er his friendly guide,
He left his young and lovely bride,
For a false one's arms:
He spurn'd her warm devotedness,
And sought by gay and smooth address,
Another's charms.

Reason, confus'd, and overcome,
Did from her gentle bosom roam,
(Ah! now she is wild!)
In pity to her wounded soul,
It left her mind without control,
Like a roving child.

Now sad,—now gay,—alternately,
She seeks the grove, and haw-thorn tree,
And gathers the wild thorns:
And oft she draws the purple tide,
Wounding her hands on either side,
Then sadly, she moans.

Then she will set, and gaze awhile,
Talking on subjects strange and wild,
Throwing her robe aside:

Or look so beautiful and wise,
That one would think her speaking eyes
Had reason, them to guide.

ELIZA.

"Come hither, Hannah! thou'rt my nurse,
"Here! fill for me this empty purse!
"With the sunny beams:
"Then, bind this girdle on my brow!
"O! let him see, my heart's blood flow!
"Ah! see how it streams!

"I'll sing a love song for thee, girl!
"Whilst thou my raven tresses curl,
"Of the bleeding flower;
"I'll tell thee, too, a fairy tale,
"The bride, who wore a dark green veil,
"Oh! stay—stay an hour!"

SONG.

"To the silvery moon I go! I go!
"Come, Jaybird and Robin, lend me a wing!
"See! my chariot wheels move on so slow!
"As we fly, pretty birds, we'll sweetly sing;
"And when we get to the moon's bright world,
"We'll find him there! we'll find him there!
"O! then from his lips, I'll win a smile,
"And, he'll deem me the fairest of the fair."

IN THE VOICE, &c.

In the voice of the wind
There's a charm;
Though it comes in a shrill wild pæon;—
In a storm;—
It is well!
For,—to me,
There's sublimity,
In its swell.

If it comes in a murm'ring tone,
Or a moan;
As from one that is sad and forlorn,
Though alone,
'Tis my choice,
For,—to me,
There's melody
In her voice.

Or when in a zephyr so mild,
Like a child,
Ah! then to catch the pure breeze,
From the trees,
Is a bliss,
For,—to me
There's purity,
In her kiss.

If ye blow in the soft twilight,
Or at night;
Or come sweet wind, when you will!
Let me feel,
Thou art here!
For,—to me,
There's harmony,
In the air!

But if from the lawn where the flowers,
From the bow'rs,
Are scattering their leaves all around;
On the ground:—
'Tis so sweet,
Then to me.—
It would be
A rich treat.

THE STORM.

To and fro, the boughs are bending,
To their lairs the beasts are wending;
Deep and loud the thunder's roaring,
Floods, in torrents, now are pouring;
Hark! that crash!—
And lightnings flash,—
O! the dark,—the fearful storm!
Father in Heaven! will it harm,

Thine own bought ones,
For whom the Saviour's blood atones?

Hark! hark!—another pæon
Comes with the unbridled wind;
Unbridled? no! the reigns are in His hand,
Nor could the tempest blow, save by His command.

Father! preserve us now!
Let not the fierce artillery of Heaven,
Scathe our naked brow!—
Must soul and body, now be riven?
Oh! no cov'ring have we, but from thee,—
That can repel Heaven's keen artillery.

Another! and another!—Oh!—
The force re-doubles, louder,—louder still!
Is it portentous of unheard of wo?—
Father in Heaven! the tempest quell!
But stay!—forgive!—
Presumptive it may be,
To ask, to live,
Him, who see'st at once, *time* and *eternity*.

Thou, who didst form this clay,
Unerring, knowest the way,
To take from it the soul;
Then, Father! now behold!
Thy creature meekly kneel;
And if, with the next peal,
A vivid flash, benumbs this frame,

Let me but murmur thy great name!
(And ere the life thou gavest is gone,)
Say, Father in Heaven—thy will be done!
JULY 26th, 1842.

LEAN NOT ON EARTH.

Is earth thy staff? O! lean not here!
A bruis'd reed!—yea, oft a pointed spear,
That wounds, but cannot heal.
The finest feelings, wither at her blast,
And her cold frowns are like the chilling frost,
Which we too keenly feel.

O world!—could all thy vot'ries learn,
To scorn thy favors, and thy flatt'ries spurn,
Thy witch'ries and thy arts;
And could our eyes, be made so clear,
To see thee, as thou should'st appear,
We'd drive thee from our hearts.

Thou may'st depress the feeling mind,
The immortal soul, thou can'st not bind,
By thy oppressive power;
In deepest gloom, the soul springs up,
And feels a Heav'n reviving hope,
Of some bright coming hour.

Could we repel thy venom'd darts,
And build a bulwark round our hearts,

That would throw back thy stings;
E'en in a wilderness—removed
From objects that are dearly loved,
We'd dwell—nor envy kings.

Then why not now obtain this shield?
This breast-plate, which defies the field
Of warfare, or of death;
The subject, in my bosom warms,
Earth—I'll defy thy pelting storms,
Yea, with my latest breath.

TO MY SON.

Thou'rt going from thy early home, my boy!
Where a mother's eye, ever watch'd o'er thee;
Thou'lt prove, my son! the world has base alloy,
And learn, by lessons stern, its treachery.

No heart will ever throb for thee, my boy!
As this fond one, in my maternal breast;
Can aught, a mother's holy love destroy?
Imperishable! eternally impress'd!

And mark, my son! thou'lt often find the smile,
That facinates and charms the youthful heart,
Is worn by the sycophant, who would beguile,
And wound the feelings, by a treach'rous dart.

One precept wise, dropt from the lips of love,

I'd have engraven on thy youthful mind;
"Wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove;"
This on the tablet of thy bosom bind!

Wisdom, my child! 'twill prove a gem of worth,
Win it! and wear it for thy diadem!
'Twill bear thy thoughts aloft, far from the earth,
And glory there will be thy endless theme.

A FUGITIVE THOUGHT.

Sure, Love must emanate alone from heaven,
A feeling holy, ne'er can spring from earth;
Then why was it, to earthly mortals given?
To lead them, where the hallowed flame had birth.

But why? canst tell? some hearts ne'er feel its power,
Is it,—they're cased up, in a frigid zone?
Where icy flakes are gathering every hour?
Nor one warm ray has ever on them shone?

Ah! Love may wane, e'en in its native soil,
For want of food, to cherish the pure flame;
Neglect may ev'ry flowery vision spoil,
And Love, like "friendship prove a mere" name.

But can it die? can the celestial spark,
Tho' faintly glimmering on its cheerless way,
Annihilated be?—no! list thou!—hark!
A light points, where love never will decay.

Bright beacon! gild my dull and weary wing!
That it may bear me to some place above;
Where one seraphic strain, which angels sing,
May fill my soul with immortal love.

ESTELLA'S VOICE.

"The man that hath not music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils.
SHAKSPEARE.

O! let me hear that strain!
Gentle as the sighs of ev'en;
'Twill sooth my bosom's pain,
And make me dream of heaven.

O! 'tis a voice so soft,
It wakes up dormant nature:
And bears the soul aloft,
Full of holiest rapture.

Ah! 'tis a voice so sweet,
It calms each ruffl'd feeling;
'Tis like—when spirits meet,
Where holy strains are pealing.

BIRTH-DAY OF AN ONLY SON.

Time, my dear boy, with rapid wings,
Ne'er pausing once to rest his pinions,

Thy one-and-twentieth year,—brings:
Monarch of his wide dominions!

Swiftly he moves,—tho' quietly,
And hides his scythe beneath his wing;
Disease and death, and misery,
His annual rounds, surely bring.

Nor can we feel, his blighting pow'r,
Ere he steals from us our glory;
Leaf by leaf, he spoils the flower,
'Fore we know the fatal story.

Note! dear son! his fleeting movements,
Nor let him find thy locks grown gray;
Before thy mind gains improvements,
That would gild a winter's day.

Winter!—'Tis age I mean, my child,
When sear leaves o'er thy brows are bound;
When those who on thy bright youth smiled,
Are slumb'ring 'neath the cold damp ground

Then if thou find'st thyself alone,
A stranger in thy native land!
Let virtue be thy brightest crown,
Go thou! with wisdom, hand in hand.

November 11th, 1842.

AFTER A STORM.

The clouds have dispers'd, and thunders have ceas'd,
And a bright little star, is descried in the east;
The dark mutt'ring storm, has entirely subsided,
And how sweet is the halcy'n rest that's provided,
By Deity's beneficent hand.
How bright glows the sky, ah! the moon now appears!
And glides like a fair queen, that has no compeers,
She rides on the cloud, with her silv'ry light,
And richly adorns the dark curtains of night;
So silent, majestic and grand.

And now, the rude wind has ceased to blow!
And now, that the pained eyes have ceased to flow!
Do we feel that the heart is entirely subdued?
And glows with a heavenly gratitude?
To him who commanded the storm.
Do we bend the soul, to the giver of light?
And implore his care, through the silence of night?
We know that his omniscient eye will not sleep;
And that guardian bands, their night-watches keep,
To shield us from every harm.

SWAN'S NEST,

ON AN ISLAND IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

Bird of the snow-white breast!

Well hast thou chosen this sequester'd isle,
Where nature with her brightest sylvan smile,
Plays round thy quiet nest.

Here thou reignest a queen,
Sole monarch of this little world of flowers,
Where clust'ring vines are forming shady bowers,
'Neath the tall evergreen.

But tell us, lonely thing,
When the dark clouds are mutt'ring in the west,
And forked lightnings flash around thy nest,
Where do thy young ones cling?

Or when tornadoes sweep,
And stir old Mississippi's angry waves,
And spectres wild, start from their wat'ry graves,
Tell us, canst thou then sleep?

O! sweet security!
Thou envied bird! entirely free from care,
Nor midnight gloom, nor storms can give thee fear,
What is it?—purity?

Thy dress denotes thee pure!
Wast thou disgusted with a noisy world?
Where men and things are in confusion hurled,
On a poor sandy shore.

That thou did'st choose this spot,
Where nothing could disturb thy tranquil rest,

Where no rude boys could harm thy pretty nest,
O! 'twas a happy thought.

Thou solitary glade!
Now I must leave thee for that noisy shore,
Where busy scenes will greet me at my door,
Bird! how I love thy shade.

IDEALITY.

Ideality! thou wak'st the drowsy soul,
And coins from nature, beauties all thine own;
The vivid thoughts, glow like pure burnish'd gold,
In temperate, torrid, or the frigid zone;
And thou art developed in the peasant's head,
Equally as strong, as in the princely lord;
Thy visions flit around the sufferers bed,
And glorious thoughts, to the sick mind afford.

Ideality! thou soar'st above this earth,
And for a moment o'erlooks the things of time;
Thy love of the sublime, from Heaven had birth,
How canst thou then, soujourn in this dull clime?
Thou borrow'st the wings of the bird of power,
The bold, the daring Eagle, of the sky;
That thou may'st dive, or soar, in one short hour,
To the ocean's bottom, or to clouds on high;
There thou dost cull the riches of the sea,
Or wear the rainbow, belted as a zone;
With this sweet life-buoy,—this Ideality,
That has through ages, like a meteor shone.

OUR EARLY HOME.

What is this, that glows within the heart,
For those, whom our fond nature claims?
From such, we may be doom'd to part,
Yet warm affection still remains;
Nor, have the strange vicissitudes removed,
Impressions, strong for those we once have loved.

Absence may wean, yea and cold neglect,
May chill our warmest, early love;
The heart, that has been often wreck'd,
May from its fond affections rove;
Still that circle around our infant home,
In fondest recollection, finds a room.

Ah! the world's bleak storms may keenly blow,
Its usage may be rough and cold,
We may form new ties, for which will glow
That sterling love, purer than gold;
Yet that first home, where we used to dwell,
Creeps o'er the mem'ry, like a magic spell.

That sacred time, ere misfortune's frown,
Had sternly said, lean not on earth!
When all our loved ones smiled around,
The cheerful fire, and clean brush'd hearth;
That bless'd time, ere one young creature knew,
What checker'd paths through life he would pursue.

BYRON.

A strange and wayward genius, as thou wert,
For thee, there glows an admiration still;
Thou seem'st to me, as some rich gem, begirt
With impure earth:—or, like a limpid rill,
Loosing its way, where foul miasmas steal;
O pity! that a gem, so rich and rare,
Should be the sport of passion—fancy—will—
And pity 'twere, a bright and glorious star
Should set in gloom, a slave to passions, discontent and care.

RUTH.

Ah! little can the wealthy lordling know,
The miseries and wants of humble worth;
Many a gem conceal'd, would brightly glow,
If sever'd from the dark and motly earth.

And such thou wast, fair Ruth! a native gem,
Whom blighting storms had swept too rudely o'er;
But though rude winds oft chill'd the tender stem,
Rich charms were hid within its humble store.

Though poverty, like death, is stern and cold,
And Ruth's perfections, as a desert flower,
In deep retirement did their charms unfold,
Patiently awating some more prosp'rous hour.

With one, whom a sad and ruthless fate,
Had thrown upon the world's cold charity;
She lived, removed from the proud and great,
Secure in nought, save her own purity.

Sorrow and want, had bowed the widow's heart,
And Ruth, with all a daughter's filial love,
Did to Naomi soothing words impart,
And fix her thoughts on better things above.

(*Poverty! stern, heartless, cruel thing!*)
From Moab's daughters ev'ry hope had flown,
Why disparity 'tween Plebian and King?
One rev'ling in wealth!—the other, pale and wan.

But want, sad want, did urge its strong demands,
When thus Naomi spoke to gentle Ruth:
"Daughter! the fields, that generous Boaz tends,
Are ripe for harvest,—go across yon heath!

"And glean! my child, tho' keep thee far behind!"
See here! a noble pride can never die;
Where innate grace dwells purely refined,
Want ne'er can crush those aspirations high,

That swells the soul, even if its wall be clay,
And sable curtains thickly hang around,
Thoughts 'scape their fetters,—like a piercing ray,
Communes with greatness, by an instant bound.

Why thus digress?—Fair Ruth now left the cot,
In her own meek and beautiful attire;

With modest diffidence, she sought the spot,
Unconscious none could see, and not admire.

Such pure simplicity, and beauty too,
As might have graced a proud and princely form;
But all her thoughts were to Naomi true,
Whose cot was scarce a shelter from the storm.

Ere she had reached the field, her pensive eyes,
Were veil'd with a proud humiliating tear;
But sorrow seeks to hide the bursting sighs,
And Ruth's fair self, did lovelier appear.

Boaz,—the master of this spacious field,
Was formed to love the beauties of the mind;
No sordid avarice could his bosom steel,—
To all,—his heart was generous and kind.

'Midst other gleaners, he this wood-nymph spies,
And to his fav'rite servant, Milo, said:—
"Tell me! old man, who's she, with downcast eyes?
She whose golden tresses curl around the head?"

"A Moabitish damsel, honor'd sir!
That dwells beside the grove, in an old cot;
She with her aged mother lives not far;—
Look here! good sir! I'll shew the very spot."

Good Milo! strew the sheaves along her way!
Her hands are delicate, to toil so hard!
O shame! that one, fair as the flow'rs of May,
Should glean all day, for such poor reward.

Then Boaz did approach the humble fair,
While a sonorous voice, stole on her ear,
"Lady! those sheaves will thy soft fingers tear,
O! dost thou not these thorny brambles fear?

Methinks, fair Ruth! thy form is slight and weak,
To bear fatiguing, arduous toil, like this;
Art thou not weary?—I would hear thee speak:
For sure thy voice would give the hearer bliss.

His words came o'er her heart like music's charm,
And humble Ruth, raised her languid eyes;
Beside her stood, in manly grace and form,
Stately and calm, a youth of noble size.

Again her eyes were shaded from his gaze,
The dark, long silken lashes veil'd them quite,
And Boaz' soul was thrill'd, by their soft rays,
No other gleaner, caught his ravish'd sight.

Come on the morrow, Ruth! come and glean!
Full sheaves we'll strew thickly along thy way,—
But I would barter all, for one soft sheen,
From eyes far brighter than the orb of day.

Ah! Boaz could have talk'd 'till evening shade
Had wrapt the world in its most sable garb;
For Cupid had a deep impression made,
And from his bow, had flown the keenest barb.

The humble Ruth, stole meekly to her cot,
And told the strange adventures of the day;

Ah! then it was, she moan'd her rustic lot,
Her heart had treasur'd all the youth did say.

And Boaz to his stately mansion strode,
Where ev'ry luxury awaited him;
For wealth profusely spread his costly board,
Yet he mused, as one entranced in dream.

Nor could the strongest morphine balm impart,
A lithif'rous pow'r to his fancy wild;
E'en in his dreams he asked his throbbing heart,
Could it forget Ruth's soft bewitching smile?

And thus in communion with his heart, he spake:
If I, from humble life select a bride,
Who but the proud, or the ignoble rake,
Will ever dare my virtuous course deride?

Is not the violet, that humbly grows,
In some low vale, the sweetest flow'r of all?
Tho' it may not its lovely tints disclose,
But will its fragrance on the senses pall?

No! its retiring, unobtrusive worth,
Strikes each beholder by its modesty;
Then if this damsel be of humble birth,
Where could I find such pure simplicity?

When morning broke, unclouded beauties shone,
O'er hill and dale, and all the verdant trees,
And ev'ry songster, of that lovely morn,
Pour'd forth their sweetest, softest melodies.

But Boaz, restless with unquiet thought,
Arose, and left his morning's rich repast,
To taste the early air, with fragrance fraught,
O'er brake and brier, he rambled on in haste,

(For love will seek to hide from gazing eyes,
And musing, stray in solitude afar,
Where it can breathe its own tumultuous sighs,
And no rude ear, its softest accents hear.)

Then, could he, by those rustic reapers pass,
And ne'er look on their cheerful hardy work;
But O! where was that pretty rural lass?
That in his heart such pure emotions 'woke.

Ah! there the gentle, graceful damsel wrought!
Though far behind the other gleaning lasses:
Her quiet eyes, so full of meaning fraught,
Her simple air, seemed modeled by the graces.

Now, what could generous Boaz think, or do?
It were but chivalrous to greet the fair,
And then he meant to act most strickly true,
But how could he, his early love declare?

Nor had he seen her, until yester' morn,
Then why precipitate? why in such haste?
Yet had he not been told, they were forlorn?
Abiding in a lonely, cheerless waste.

'Twere noble, then, to pour the soothing balm,
On poor Naomi's fast declining years;

Boaz thought, the whole had such a charm,
That it completely banished all his fears.

Then he to Ruth approach'd, while pleasure's glow,
Mantled his face, and gave a brighter charm;
Nor could a Queen have won a nobler bow,
Or lent an ear, to vows more purely warm.

And thus the feelings of his soul he spake:
Ruth! *I love thee;* thou hast won my heart;
Say! couldst thou then, a heart of feeling break?
O tell me not, that we must live apart!

Dear Ruth! thy *God* shall also be my *God*,
Myself, my home, accept them for thine own!
O spurn me not!—that I have early wooed,—
The good Naomi should not dwell alone.

Ruth's speaking eyes look'd gratitude and love,
Meekly and low, she thus replied to him:
O! talk not so! Boaz is far above,
What I, in humble life must to him seem.

I would not scan thy station, lovely one!
'Tis thine own beauteous self my heart desires;
Say thou'lt be mine! I ask no other boon,
'Tis all my most fastid'ous heart requires.

Need it be told, how the declining sun,
Of good Naomi, set in peace and joy;
Or how, by mark'd attention, Boaz won,
That pure affection, free from all alloy.

One little month! and Ruth's fair, lovely form,
With matchless air and grace, was seen to glide,
Through a magnificent and spacious dome,
The generous Boaz' sweet and blushing bride!

Ah! happy pair! the model of thy bliss,
Is from a clime of pure and quiet love;
'Tis rarely found in such a world as this,
Love so sincere comes from a world above.

REMINISCENCE.

To tell the hopes, the fears, the ardent joy,
That crossed my path in life's young day;
The mildew blights, that all those dreams destroy,
The flowers, the thorns, that checker'd all my way;
Would take a poet, versed in ev'ry wile,
The burning tear, the rapt'rous, joyful smile.

When life was young, I plucked the summer rose,
And *smiled*, to think a *thorn* behind it grew;
Time did ere long the fatal truth disclose,
The thorn had *pierced* my bosom through and through:
The wounds were heal'd—again I looked on earth,
Allured, by all its fascinating mirth.

Along my path, I found another flower,
The like, I thought no creature e'er had found,
Then came contagion, like a whirlwind shower,
And crushed the cherish'd idol to the ground;

O! it was like the life strings torn apart,
The tendrils all, were fasten'd to my heart.

The wound was fresh, when, lo! I found a bud,
And plac'd it fondly on my sorrowing breast;
My other flower had gone to bloom with God—
The slender stem was quietly at rest.—
O! oft I clasped my rose-bud in my arms,
And thought of all its lovely sister's charms.

Was I to keep this treasure? no!—death came
Again, and pierced me with his iron dart,—
But still I live,—with mortals have a name,
Though sorrow drowns each pleasure of my heart,
O! would such chastenings from the Heavenly rod,
At last, conduct me to the realms of God.

ENTHUSIAST.

"Strange fancies crowd upon the curious mind,
And lead the imagination at their will."

How dark is the night! The moon will arise!—
And light up the gloom with her silvery eyes;
How lonely!—O! would that old Allen Bane
Around my couch would play a soft strain,
Could I but 'wake that old harper of yore,
Draw him o'er the deep sea to 'merica's shore,
'Twould be charming, to hear an old Scotch lay,
From a bard, who had slept since Douglass' day;—

I'll chant him a song;—perchance he may rise,
In his scotch-plaid,—and my senses surprise;
Tho' even, if he comes, all shiv'ring and gray,
I'll seize the old 'sprite and force him to stay.

SONG.

Come spirit! thou of the olden times,
'Wake from sleep! and visit my lone cell!
Come old Harper! from fair Scotia's climes,
Awake! awake! with thy magic spell,
The 'nthusiast wants a wizard's lyre,
Tuned with the minstrel's ardent fire.

O! strike—strike a note, wild, sad and soft!
Old minstrel, of the Douglass train!
And bear my spirit far, far aloft!
By thy sweet Scotch highland strain!
And tho' no minstrel greets thee here,
O! charm the lone Enthusiast's ear!

For one that worships thy noble race,
Implores thy music for an hour,
Good spirit! leave thy happy place!
And play around her rural bower.
'Tis on a broad and mighty stream,
The wild Poet has her fairy dream.

He comes, alas! a shivering dread,
Creeps o'er my senses,—(O! I am cold!)
I feel now the presence of the dead,
O! Powers! shall I the spirit behold?

Ah! now again I'm calm, old spirit!
Haste! play me off thy *sweetest duette!*

SPIRIT.

Thou wild Enthusiast! thou of my race!—
No marks of minstrelsy in thee I trace;
My line was woo'd, by Cupid and the graces,
Our noble house ne'er dwelt in desert places.
We tuned our harps, 'mid courts and rosy bowers,
Our thrilling strains, swept o'er ambrosial flow'rs.
I rise, to spurn thy invocation, rude!
Or I should ne'er have sought thy solitude;
Perchance, in pity to thy hermit lot,
A shade I'll send,—the shade of Walter Scott.
His soul was tuned to sympathy and love,
I'll court his spirit from the realms above,
To sooth a lone acetic in distress,
And turn her thoughts to poetry and peace;
Adieu! nor e'er another minstrel wake!
Whilst thou art near the native's wild cane-brake,
The Mississippi's vale, of swamp and mire,
And foul miasma, unstrings the boldest lyre.

ENTHUSIAST.

Go! spirit, go! and bear thy lyre afar!
Thou hast no sympathy for wild despair,
For one who mourns her sad and lonely state,
Go—go, and leave me to my reckless fate.

Alone—alone—I turn mine eyes to earth;
Claiming my heritage!—thou gavest me birth;

Now give me pleasure! fill my cup with joys!
Deceive me not! with bubbles and with toys.
I am thy vot'ry,—pay me with thy love!
Force me not thus, to supplicate old Jove!
Answer my questions! if my requests thou spurn,
I would from *spirits*, *earth*, *and all things learn*,
Why a translucid ray, from spheres of light,
Illuminate the soul, then leave me night?
Why is that soul, with rapt'rous feelings fraught?
And thoughts of various character, meet thought?
Why should *love*,—a noble, god-like feeling,
Come o'er the heart, as heavenly music stealing?
Charming the senses, and shairing all the soul,
Binding other passions, by its soft control;
Why should it fail, and bitter thoughts impart,
Wormwood and gall, a death-wound to the *heart*.

EARTH.

Alas! I'm ignorant of thy very birth,
And merely know, thou art a *thing of earth;*
Nor ask of me, for happiness and joy,
I promise bliss to none, without alloy;
Nor tell me more, of wild tumult'ous feeling,
A *morbid softness* o'er thy senses stealing;
Know thou thyself! and learn thou art but dust,
Lean not on me! nor to my favors trust!
Trust *Him!* who made such feeble worms as thou,
To Him, make ev'ry thought and passion bow!
O! ask of Him, submissively and meek,
He spurns no one, who would true wisdom seek.

SECOND SPIRIT.

I now appear, thy doubting thoughts to free,
Hearing, Enthusiast, thy wild soliloquy:
The world is *cold*, *unfeeling*, *stern* and *rude*,
And *none* takes pity on thy solitude;
Methinks the minstrel spirit judged thee wrong,
Thou seem'st to me a very child of song;
But calm thy sorrows, contend no more with fate,
Subdue thy love, thy scorn, thy bitter hate,—
Thy tender thrills, thy gush of glorious feeling,
Something ne'er told, o'er thy senses stealing;
Thou may'st be formed for friendship or for love;
But, Enthusiast, whither dost thou rove?
In a celestial world, far, far above,
I'm taught such things, as here, thou canst not prove;
Feelings, that lead thee to the far off skies,
Emotions pure, that burst in plaintive sighs;
Those dangerous passions that o'erwhelm the soul,
E'en love, or hate, to act without control,
Will plunge thee in a vortex of dismay,
And lead thy spirit from the purest way,
Thy wild enthusiasm! let it be subdued!
Such feelings are not always understood;
Here you pluck roses that grow with the thorn,
And grief's badge of wo, by every one is worn.

ENTHUSIAST.

Thou hast subdued my pride and vanity,
I own I am a simple, wayward wight,

O! lead me to that fount of purity!
Whose limpid waters give the blind their sight.
Kind spirit! tell me of thy heavenly rest,
Thy pure society,—of spirits blest.—
Sing to me! spirit, of thy happy world,
Of beauties that can never fade away;
Help me seek the inestimable pearl,
That shines its brilliancies eternally;
O spirit! tell me of thy bliss sublime,
My heart is weary of this changing clime.

SPIRIT.

Tell thee of bliss, in the bright world above!
A tongue would fail to speak of perfect love;
This earthly prison cramps all thoughts sublime,
Nor canst thou know *our* joys, in this dull clime;
Suffice to know, our state is pure delight;
E'en the rich gardens ravish the keen sight;
Where fruits are gather'd, luscious to the taste,
And yet they prove an intellectual feast;
The odorous flow'rs pour light upon the mind,
We in each bud a mental lesson find;
Rich vines grow twisted into diamond wreaths,
And gems of every hue shoot from the trees;
Who can describe that world of glorious light?
Arched round with stars so beautiful and bright,
That each succeeding ray instructs and charms,
And wander where we will, no object harms;
In that bright world are pools and limpid streams,
And in their waters every virtue teems:

But vain my efforts,—angels can't portray,
And I must now depart,—I must away;
Too long I've tarried in this vale of night,
The moon is now concealing e'en her light;
Adieu! thou lonely one, adieu! adieu!
And the moon sank down as the spirit flew.

MERMAID.

The Ocean!—the Ocean!
Where the green-hair'd sea-girl
Twines her wreaths of bright coral,
Or mother of pearl;
'Tis said, that her strains, like some heavenly lute,
Float o'er the main, till the surges are mute:
Then to her chamber where the light of her pearls,
Throws a radiance around her soft gleamy curls.

What art thou? strange one!
A soul, transmigrated?
That, with beauty once shone:—
For some crime art thou fated
To dwell in the deep?—like a mis-shapen sprite,
And lull sea-monsters with a requiem at night;
The Fairy was cruel,—Thy sin,—was it *pride?*—
That thy robes are the waves, thy mantle—the tide.

How long wilt thou stay?
Fair lady;—how long?

And dance o'er the spray,
To thy fairy-like song:—
And art thou to live, till the ocean be dry?
Till the bright burning stars, drop from the sky?
Till the *last* mortal thing has breath'd his *last* breath?
Must thou witness all this? ere thou meetest with death.

A PICTURE.

I saw the young bride stand beside the altar,
On her fair brow, sat innocence and love—
And round her lips, play'd a bewitching smile
Of happiness, and sweet security.

No pause of time—on, on, in rapid flight,
He wends his way.
Years had roll'd on apace—
* * * * * * * * * *
The picture presents again with change of scenery,
Mirth, joy, and hope, had wing'd their flight.
Ruthless time
Had wrought on things a change more visible:
The once fair brow,—was shadow'd deep by age and care,
And anxious watching.
Tears and sorrow had plough'd
Full many a furrow, on the round, soft cheek:
All felt the blanching touch of time, so deathly,
Save one *mysterious*, indissoluble *thing;*
Thou cruel spoiler of nature's fairest works,
Thou seemest but to wear the rust from off this *gem*,

That glitter'd 'neath a veil so dark and odious,
Concealed,—Its light reflects back on itself,
Not visible.

The exterior wins man's *noble* love,
The sunken eye, dim'd by the very tears
Pour'd out for him,—serve but to cool his flame,
Though woman's pure, devoted, ardent love,
Demands returns.

CAN GOLD GAIN FRIENDSHIP?

"Can gold gain friendship? Impudence of hope!
As well mere man an angel might beget,
Love, and love only, is the loan for love."

YOUNG.

"Can gold gain friendship?" Yes, mistaken sage,
Gold gains the friendship of the present age!
"Impudence of hope!"—Thinkest thou 'tis so?
Then impudence belongs to one,—I trow.—
And if that one, untutor'd, rustic wight,
Should breathe rude sentiments—nor chaste nor like
A Young,—a Cowper,—or Sir Walter Scott,—
Poh!—who is he who cares one single jot?
Or if the world brands her as arrant fool,
No earthly harm,—the creature has no gold.

Most honor'd sage!—permit an humble muse,
Her own simplicity of style to choose;
To lisp the words which thou didst sweetly sing,

And charm'd, when e'er thou touch'd the lyric string;
If rude in verse,—deem not her feelings hard,
For sensibility clings to every bard;
We keenly feel, if not so smooth of speech
As thou*, who did Castalius' fountain reach.
For if we be a minstrel, poor and low,
Or one, from whom, the sweetest strains can flow,
No matter,—if we be a child of song,
To us, the pungent, bitter thoughts belong,
To us belongs, the heart's pure tender thrill,
That comes unbidden, e'en where we want it still;
For those, who oft may wrong the feeling heart,
And cause, by cold neglect, the keenest dart.

Methinks the poet, who sings of *constant* love,
Or *friendship*, that no vicissitudes can move,
Has only found it, wrapt up in a *bubble*,
Cram'd in a corner, of his own bright *noddle*;
And if his *pate*, by some rough thing was shaken,
Awak'd from dreams, he'd find his bubble broken.

"Poh!—poh!—such sentiments were never heard,
"They shock the mind, of every courteous bard;
"They come from rhymers, of the last degree,
"And wild as loons, with pure insanity."

Ah! polished Bard! America *is wild*,
And every poet here's a rural *child;*
But truth is taught us in the simplest form,
And from the heart, our sentiments come warm.

*Dr. Young.

Perchance no friends, e'er passed thy guilded door,
Who were too *kind*, to *see* a kinsman poor;
And no blue faces, did e'er thy elbows pull,
Because, good Doctor! thy long purse was full:
For thou, old Bard, liv'dst in the poet's *age*,
When wreaths of laurel, bound the minstrel's page,
"*Love*" then "was *loan* for *love*,"—but in our day,
(*An iron age*,) the creature will have *pay*.

TO THE MUSES.

Who would court, thy false and treacherous smile?
Not those, who value happiness and rest;
Thy favors, lead the 'magination wild,
And those who paint thy sorrows feel them most,
Then seek some brighter spot, some honor'd name,
To guild for thee a diadem of fame.

Hence thou shalt find, a sprightly rustic dame,
That finds a happiness in cheese and butter;
Who has acquired an honorable fame,
For honest industry and sturdy splutter;
Who makes the best of *pickle*, *pies*, and *cake*,
And cooks with skill, the *exquisite beef-steak*.

Ah! such *delicious things*, come to the taste,
The olfactory nerve—the eye—the tongue;
No moonshine here—no glittering lace,
That crazy bards have often wildly sung;

But a large dish, so full of chicken pie,
An Epicure might eat his fill and die.

We think, of all the abject, paltry *things*,
Among creation's catalogue of apes;
Is a thread-bare *Poet*—who in his garret sings,
And for his meals pops out his head and *gapes;*
Ye Gods!—preserve us from the poet's fate,
Who starves to death, in dreaming he'll be great.

MY BROKEN LUTE.

No more will thy low tones be heard,
My crush'd, my broken Lute;
No more thou'lt 'wake the sleeping bird,
Thy strings are mute;
My kindest friend!
My Lute!

What cruel blast has shivered thee?
Regardless of my wo!
None, has for me that sympathy,
Thou didst bestow:—
Forget thee, friend?—
Ah! no!

Though broken, and the winds of heav'n,
Have borne thy strains afar;
Just so my wounded heart is riv'n;
Grief dries the tear;

Solace, I've none,—
Save prayer.

But ah! though friends be parted here,
They'll re-unite above;
Where notes are pealing, sweet and clear,
From Lutes of love;—
Where friendship's like
The dove,

Unchangeable—nor will a blast
E'er more disturb our rest.
There we will smile at sorrows past,
With angels blest;
Where nought will wound
Our breast.

My "Lute"! I'll hang thy broken strings,
On some lone Cypress tree;
The nightingale, that sweetly sings
In sympathy;
A dirge may chant,
For thee.

And as the *winds* are passing by,
Perchance one tender strain,
Faint as æolian's softest sigh,
May 'wake again
Thy broken chords,—
Thy strain.

Farewell! and here, no more we meet,

Fate breaks the chain of love;
Our notes that mingled once so sweet,
In the green grove;
The winds have borne
Above.

JUNE, 1842.

IN THE DEEP, ETC.

In the deep shadows,
Fire flies are glowing;
O'er the rich meadows,
Soft winds are blowing;
There the lone Nightingale sings to her lover;
There the poor Whip-poor-will tells his tale over:
By a murm'ring rill,
Whip-poor-will!
Whip-poor-will!

Far above our heads,
Bright stars are peeping,
On nature's broad beds,
Her children are sleeping;
But the musing eye, on a stilly night,
Pierces e'en darkness, with a pure delight;
Still, by the deep rill,
We hear poor Will,
Whip-poor-will!

The Moon's now rising,
In her queenly attire;
In splendor, surprizing;
She lights up a fire,
So silvery and soft, it ne'er dazzles the eye,
But throws a rich lustre o'er all the sky;
Then all is so still,
Save poor Will,
Whip-poor-will!

At this dreamy hour,
A Heavenly charm;
With magic power,
The feelings warm;—
And we see by faith, a city above,
Where spirits are moved, by feelings of love;
Where no eye will fill,—
For poor Will;—
Whip-poor-will!

Will—why is thy song,
Like one in distress?
All the night long,
What can oppress?
A spirit;—a fairy.—perchance thou may'st be,
Doom'd to do penance, at night, on a tree;
Then nothing can still
Thy wand'rings poor Will,
Whip-poor-will!

THE LOVED AND LOST.

'Twere vain for me to sport with comic scenes. In life's young dreams my buoyant spirits flowed and inundated all within their sphere.

The poetry of life may make them rise, perchance, but then they ebbingly retire, true to their stagnant pool.—AUTHOR.

Thou art gone to rest, mine own sweet one!
Far away from this valley of tears;
Thou art gone!—and I am left alone,
In a desert, surrounded with cares;
My spirit 'rose to pursue thee, my love!
To the home, where the beautiful dwell;
It failed to reach the mansion above,
And returned to its desolate cell.

Now,—'tis a spirit so restless within,
It would burst its dark prison and fly,
To thine own rest;—where angels are seen,
To thy glorious home in the sky;
But 'tis fetter'd here, and can't now go,
Though its cage, ere long, must decay;
Strings that vibrate to sorrow and wo,
Eventually wear quite away.

Then at some stilly hour of ev'n,
When the sky, with bright gems are glowing,
I'll go to thee, love,—'way to thy Heav'n,
With a heart that's full to o'erflowing:
Now, while I gaze on those lights, far off,

With a fondness that few hearts can know;
The twinkling stars seem to call me aloft,
Till I'm warmed with a heavenly glow.

I trace in that silv'ry world above,
A place where pure spirits may dwell;
I look, till I see the veil remove,
And then with an ardor, I kneel,
And pray, that I too be robed in white,
With celestial spirits so pure,
Where innocents have perpetual delight,
Where the heart is pained no more.

TO THE BREEZES.

Come to my bosom! gentle breeze!
And cool the fever there;
Thou art so fresh, from the green trees,
And from the flowers fair.

O! if I bare my bosom now,
Wilt thou a balm impart?
Thou kindly eas'st the pained *brow;*
O! soothe the aching *heart!*

No! gentle breeze! it will not do,—
Thy efforts all are vain;
Thou canst not cure mental wo,
Nor ease the heart's deep pain.

Go to yonder drooping flower,
Resuscitate its leaves;
There apply thy healing power,
The flower never grieves.

THE DYING POET.

A little longer!—O! let me look once more!
On scenes that were my soul's delight;
Throw open wide the door!—
Can this be night?
My eyes are heavy,—but I can awake,
For my sweet flower's sake;—
Here,—bring them!—wild,
And strew them o'er the bed
Of Nature's child!—
A little while—O!—
Take me where the fresh winds blow,
Ah!—bear me to the grove!
The air I love,
The air!—O me!—the sweetest thing in life,
With blessings rife.

The singing birds, to me, imparted bliss;
But what is this?—
O! give me breath!—
Can this be death?

That presses on my heart;
Is it his cruel dart?

Stay! O death!—awhile,
And let me see the smile
Of Nature,
Lovely in every feature;
Nay, e'en a glee,
I oft could see,
In each bush and brier,
And leaf and spire;
The murm'ring, too, of the limpid rill,
Methinks I hear it still;
Some sound I hear,
Tho' not distinct and clear.

What can it be?
Is it death's voice?—or melody?
May be 'tis the sweet nightingale,
From yon low vale,
Come,—to bid farewell,
To sing my parting knell.

Well!
So let it be,
I can no longer see,
Adieu!—sweet friends,—adieu!
The Poet's heart was true.

Solitude, Tennessee, June 18th, 1842.

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